The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1913.

The Week

For a long time there have been complaints in various parts of the country that the postal service has not been conducted upon that plane of efficiency and public convenience to which the people are entitled. It was strongly suspected that the good fiscal showing made by Postmaster-General Hitchcock—the wiping out of a deficit of $17,000,000—was obtained, in greater or less measure, by cutting expenditures at the cost of deterioration in the service. This suspicion is confirmed by the report made to Postmaster-General Burleson by a committee consisting of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Assistant Postmasters-General and the chief clerk of the Department. In support of their conclusion a number of specific instances of unjustifiable saving are pointed out. Failure to make deserved promotions, and delay in filling vacancies, constitute one class of administrative delinquencies charged in the report; another class has reference to refusals of needed extensions of the rural free-delivery service and to temporary discontinuances or curtailments of star-route service. For this sort of policy there is no sound excuse. The true policy is that indicated by Postmaster-General Burleson. "The people," he says, "are more interested in good service than they are in any technical showing of surplus—especially if that showing is not justified by the facts of legitimate accounting. They want good service, and are willing to pay for it."

But, having said thus much, we feel bound to add that the report, or the official summary of it at least, is anything but a fair or judicial appraisement of the facts connected with Postmaster-General Hitchcock's administration of his office. Whatever fault may attach to his excesses in the way of retrenchment, the question remains whether he did not effect large and praiseworthy economies. The report does not expressly deny that he did; but it evidently seeks either to produce the impression that he did not, or at least obscure the fact that he did, if such was the fact. Surely, an official report, made by a formidable array of high-class administrators, should not leave out of sight all question of the relative magnitude of the things it deals with and the things it does not deal with. The instances of false retrenchment for which figures are given may be highly important in the matter of good postal service, but they go an extremely little way towards accounting for the improved fiscal showing made by Mr. Hitchcock. Thus great stress seems to be laid on the following:

> Records show that during the four years from March 4, 1909, to March 4, 1913, vacancies which were allowed to exist for periods of from one month to more than one year aggregated the equivalent of thirty-four clerks employed continuously during the above period.

Well, thirty-four clerks at $1,500 a year means $50,000 a year; and if Mr. Hitchcock kept places vacant, and created a big grievance, in order to effect this saving, he certainly showed extremely poor judgment. But the $50,000 in or the $50,000 out makes no perceptible difference in the wiping out of the $17,000,000 annual deficit which he found when he entered upon his office.

Col. Roosevelt's libel suit had the happiest ending possible. He obtained a complete vindication, and has forever disposed of the gossiping or malicious stories about his excessive drinking. This was his main object, and to attain it the trouble and expense to which he put himself were well worth while. For not only has he cleared his own reputation, but has given a needed public lesson on the folly of believing, without evidence, the reports of private scandals in the lives of public men. Not the least fortunate aspect of the suit was the decision of the defence not to present their side in court. The editor's lawyers were well advised in concluding that nothing they might produce in the way of evidence could break the force of the testimony given by so many who had had the best opportunity to observe Mr. Roosevelt's habits, to the fact that he indulges in intoxicants only with extreme moderation. After all this array of witnesses had been heard, there was nothing for the editor to do but make his apology and retraction and submit to the formal verdict against him. As this was all that Col. Roosevelt had sought, he was prompt in waiving any question of money damages, and left the courtroom with the justified sense of a good piece of work well done. He undertook it not only for his own sake and that of his family and his future fame, but in the public interest; and his course in the whole affair deserves nothing but praise.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed an amendment to the State Constitution providing for what may be called the referendum, though it is not the institution made familiar by recent Western Constitutional changes. As the last Legislature also had passed it, the proposal will be submitted to the people in November. It would be misleading to call the proposed measure Progressive. The fact is that the Legislature was supposed to have the power of referring measures to the voters, as in most States amendments to the Constitution have always been so referred. A decision by the Massachusetts Supreme Court, however, held that the power was limited; an act applying to a city or a county might be referred to the unit concerned, but not acts in general. Thus, all that is now done to write into the Constitution explicitly what had erroneously been thought to be there. Proof of the essentially conservative character of the forces behind the amendment is found in the failure of an energetic attempt to couple the initiative with the referendum. Evidently, to ask the voters to say yes or no occasionally upon a measure of importance is felt to be one thing; to interfere with the functions of the Legislature by establishing an added method of making laws alongside of it, is quite another.

How far New York State has come since the days of Gov. Hughes is prettily shown by the shift that has taken place in the direct primaries issue. It is not now a question whether popular nominations are desirable, but who shall have the honor of presenting them to the voters of this State. On the one side

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stands the Governor, grimly determined to serve the peepul no matter what sinister forces shall attempt to block his way. On the other side is unfurled the saffron banner of W. R. Hearst, equally reckless of personal fortune if only the enslaved masses may be lifted a step towards the light. The trumpet of neither gives an uncertain sound, but poor little Miss Direct Primaries halts between her two champions, utterly bewildered by their contradictory directions to her. She could be content with either high-minded leader, but how is she to follow one to the right and the other to the left simultaneously? The fault lies, of course, with the Governor. He represents the peepul in a merely official way, while his noble antagonist represents them by virtue of his very being. Mr. Hearst could not misrepresent them in their loftiest aspirations if he tried. It would be a psychical impossibility.

Georgia's name leads all the rest south of Mason and Dixon's line in the possession of automobiles. In fact, this only mildly expresses her supremacy in this respect, for she boasts nearly twice as many of these vehicles as any of her neighbors. Moreover, she is increasing her supply of them faster than any other Southern State, the number in Georgia having gone up in the past twelvemonth from 14,000 to 20,000. The Atlanta *Journal* endeavors to discover the reason for this distinction. Is it greater prosperity, or more reckless extravagance, or better roads? This last suggestion is significant. An automobile is peculiarly impatient of bad roadways. A highway which a conservative horse and driver will accept as an immutable decree of a mysterious Providence, a man in a motor-car will denounce as a contrivance of Satan, or, more likely, as an indication of the shiftlessness of the community. What the scorn and wrath of delayed outsiders have not availed to accomplish in making Southern roads more nearly what they should be, ought to follow in the wake of the 11,000 automobiles of Tennessee, the 10,000 of Florida, the 4,000 of Alabama, the 4,500 of Arkansas, the 7,000 of North Carolina, the 6,000 of Virginia, and the 7,500 of Kentucky.

The Board of Health of this city has adopted unanimously a resolution the effect of which is to put a stop, for the present at least, to the use here of the Friedmann method of treating tuberculosis. To meet the situation produced by the exploitation, past and prospective, of this alleged cure, the Board caused to be inserted in the Sanitary Code a new section forbidding the use of living bacterial organisms in the inoculation of human beings, "until after full and complete data" concerning preparation, dosage, and administration have been submitted to the Board, and permission shall have been granted by it. This action does not constitute a final condemnation of Dr. Friedmann's method; but it does suffice completely to justify the cautious attitude assumed by the medical profession of this city generally when Dr. Friedmann first presented his claims, and adhered to ever since. Those who saw nothing in this caution but professional jealousy, or a superstitious regard for professional rules, can hardly fail to see now that something much more respectable than this was at the bottom of the matter. Physicians know that when an issue of this kind comes up, far more is involved than the question of giving the new man, or the new process, "a fair chance"; the risk of incalculable mischief has to be considered, and considered with a most serious sense of responsibility.

So extreme a case of the obstinate juror as appears to have been presented in the Gibson murder trial at Newburgh is rarely met with. "One juror," the foreman is quoted as saying, "refused to have anything to do with us. He refused to answer questions. He refused to give his views. He refused to tell us where he stood on any subject. Except for him, we should have been back in court very shortly after retiring." But this is a risk inseparable from the jury system as it stands, with its requirement of unanimity; and that requirement, in criminal cases at least, is of such enormous value that we cannot afford to abandon it on account of occasional failures of justice which it may cause. It is true that a general laxity of feeling and opinion in regard to the execution of the criminal law may lead to a condition in which such failures become a frequent occurrence, and a serious menace to the whole system of criminal justice; but the cure for that is a toning up of public opinion and sentiment. Precisely this thing has taken place in recent years throughout the country, and most notably in this city.

People not of the Protestant Episcopal communion are puzzled at the agitation, by no means new, for a change in the name of that church; nor will they be helped to an understanding by the statement of the Bishop of Texas, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kinsolving, that "we can be thoroughly Protestant and at the same time wholly Catholic." The ritualists or high churchmen, who are strong in some of the smaller dioceses, wish to emphasize their church's claims to catholicity and apostolic descent by calling themselves "the American Catholic Church" or "the Catholic Church in America." The broad churchmen, as represented by Bishop Perry, of Rhode Island, hold that "names must be rid of sinister associations that now attach to them. The word 'Protestant' must be cleansed of defiance and irreverence, if it be retained. The word 'Catholic' must be purged of spiritual pride and arrogance if it is adopted." Accepting these views, the diocese instructed its delegates to the next General Convention that, while there was need of making the title of the church more "truthful and historically descriptive," the mind of the church had not yet matured as to the best change to be made.

Even if W. Heinrich Schmidt, of Worcester, Mass., has failed to win the English golf championship, he is a made man in the field he has apparently chosen to take as his own. The player who carries Hilton to the nineteenth hole can afford to be judged on his merits only. But the romance of this New England boy's adventure will, of course, appeal to a sentiment that ranges far beyond the tee and the putting green. The case of young Schmidt is another illustration of how an aspiring American can impress himself on his countrymen by way of Europe. In the field of music it is too often the case that this country will not recognize an American artist until he has been brevetted by the Kaiser or Covent Garden. In literature, examples are not wanting. Josephine Preston Peabody, known only to a few of the elect here, was revealed to us by

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the British. Theodore Dreiser's belated reputation came to him *via* Mr. Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Mr. Edward Knoblauch set out from London to conquer New York. The same issue of the paper that recorded the achievement of young Schmidt announced the forthcoming presentation at Berlin of a play by Herman Scheffauer, of California. We cannot have too many such cases.

Some will say that Sarah Bernhardt is among the fortunate mortals whose fate it is never to taste the cruel fickleness of the crowd. The common notion is that nowhere are the vicissitudes of popularity so sharp and so rapid as in the theatre. This is an erroneous view. Every year undoubtedly brings the rise of new "stars," and witnesses the sinking of others. But Madame Bernhardt is by no means a solitary instance of the public's fidelity to its favorites, in spite of temporary wanderings of the fancy. In the case of the great Frenchwoman it would, of course, have been an utter disgrace to human nature if the crowd had failed to acknowledge eminence of such high degree. Her recent triumphs must be regarded as paid to the artist at the height of her gifts, rather than to the Bernhardt of to-day. It is hard to imagine vaudeville audiences succumbing at any time to the spell of even a golden voice, employed in a foreign tongue; and particularly to-day, when the magic of that voice has faded. All the more credit for recognizing the sentimental claims of the past. It shows us not such a terribly practical people after all.

In Canada the Liberal majority in the Senate has refused to be intimidated by Premier Borden's threat that, if the Government's naval plans were rejected, some way of mending or ending the upper house would be devised. By a vote of nearly two to one, the Senate did reject the Government bill appropriating the sum of $35,000,000 for the construction of three Dreadnoughts for the British navy. It was a practiced hand that drew the Liberal amendment upon which the Government was beaten. In asserting that "this House is not justified in giving its assent to this bill until it is submitted to the judgment of the country," the Opposition has made use of the formula employed by the Canadian House of Commons in voting down reciprocity with this country and voting Sir Wilfrid Laurier out of office. For this year at least Canada stands uncommitted to battleship building, and the experts who have been deciding Armageddon on paper will have to sharpen their pencils and try again. More foresighted was Mr. Asquith when, in reply to a motion for a vote of thanks to Canada for her offer of battleships, he suggested that Parliament had better wait until the gift had assumed tangible shape.

Coming so soon after the Liberal defeat at Newmarket, the increased Unionist majority in the Altrincham bye-election calls for an explanation by Mr. Asquith's supporters. The difficulty is that bye-elections in England are hard to explain on any other principle than that they usually run against the party in power. Local elections may be won on diverse issues. At Altrincham, which is an agricultural constituency, there was said to be dissatisfaction with the enforced contribution of four pence a week under the Government's insurance scheme. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that if a general election were fought on this issue there would be anything but emphatic approval for a policy to which, in fact, both political parties have subscribed. If any nation-wide trend is now running against the Liberal party, aside from the traditional swing towards the Opposition, the cause will be found in the Marconi disclosures, of which the popular interpretation is not necessarily the correct interpretation. It must be a poor Unionist orator who cannot draw a poignant contrast between Lloyd George rolling in wealth acquired through speculation, and the same Lloyd George depriving the workingman of his hard-earned pennies to support an insurance scheme which, like all Government schemes, is not at all what it might be made by a patriotic Opposition.

The question has been raised whether there will be a successor at all to the laureateship. Four years elapsed between the death of Tennyson and the appointment of Alfred Austin. This long interregnum is not to be entirely explained by the difficulty of finding a poet worthy to step into Tennyson's shoes. During three years out of the four the Liberals were in power, and the nomination of a poet laureate by a Liberal Prime Minister presents peculiar embarrassments. The party traditions are against imperialism and against the undue glorification of war. But what is a national poet without a touch of the jingo? The laureateship almost demands a Conservative, in an age of rapid transformation like the present. In addition to singing the nation's victories he is by definition expected to sing, as Alfred Austin did, of those institutions which have been the making of England's greatness in the past, the throne, the aristocracy, the great landed interests, that entire orderly system which presented itself even to Tennyson as embodying progress by broadening down from precedent to precedent. But it is hard to imagine any poet in whose appointment Mr. Lloyd George had a share chanting the praises of England's landed gentry.

The difficulty is one which even a Conservative Imperialistic Ministry must face. Alfred Austin's poetic qualifications appeared all the more meagre because Swinburne and Kipling were possibilities. But the author of "Atalanta" was impossible for a nation with whom Puritanism is not a tradition, but a fact. The Swinburne who sang of England's sea as no other poet before him, could not atone for the author of "Dolores" and "Faustine." Nor could Kipling's "Recessional," in itself a sufficient title for the post of national poet, obliterate the slang of the "Barrack Room Ballads." It is difficult to imagine a laureate who has referred to the Empress-Queen as "the Widow," however affectionate the intention may have been. Kipling's manner was revolutionary even if his political views were nationally sound, and a poetic revolutionary is out of place as laureate. One thing is certain, that Kipling as poet laureate would no longer be Kipling to the great majority of his admirers. Nor is it at all certain that to the great, mediocre mass of the English nation his astounding verve, his audacity, the very brilliancy of his heterodox genius would not be disconcerting. In its corporate sentiments every nation clings to the ancient forms and loves the ancient decorum.

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LIVING UP TO TREATIES.

The significant news from Washington is that the clause of the Underwood bill allowing a rebate of 5 per cent. in the duties on goods imported in American ships is to be dropped by the Senate. It ought to be. The question is not one of encouraging American shipping, but of preserving American honor. What the discriminatory clause referred to undertakes to do, the nation has pledged itself not to do. Our treaty with Great Britain specifically binds both countries to charge "the *same* duties" on goods brought into the ports of either, whether carried in British or American bottoms. Mr. Bryan stated last week that the counsellor for the State Department, Mr. John Bassett Moore, was carefully examining our commercial treaties to discover if the discriminatory shipping provision was in violation of any of them. But really it is not necessary to go beyond the British treaty. This is perfectly clear and explicit; and all the countries with which we have "most-favored-nation" treaties—and the number comprises nearly every country in the world—would be at once entitled to claim the same treatment for their ships as for the English. In fact, it is admitted at the State Department that a score or more of formal protests by foreign Governments have been filed against the shipping clause.

The idea embodied in it has frequently been propounded in Congress and elsewhere. Its avowed aim has been that of restoring the American merchant marine. The argument has run that shipping subsidies are impossible. Time and repeated efforts have shown that the American people have a rooted objection to them, and that Congress will never enact a comprehensive system of paying ship-owners out of the public treasury. Hence the only alternative is to lay discriminating customs-taxes on goods imported in foreign ships. This, it is contended, would speedily throw the bulk of the importing business into American hands. It is a plan which was tried in the early years of our republic, and would certainly be successful, so its enthusiastic advocates assert, if put into effect to-day. This is open to serious doubt, merely as a question of fact. It seems to be innocently supposed that other nations would only wring their hands helplessly, while we were discriminating against *them*, and would never think of discriminating against *us*. But this is folly. It is virtually certain that the chief shipping countries would strike back. They might do it by laying a sur-tax in their ports on all goods imported in American bottoms, and leave us just where we were before. We may be sure that some form of the *lex talionis* would be applied. But all such speculation is beside the point. Whether or not the discriminatory clause of the Underwood bill would do anything to bring back the American flag on the ocean, the plain fact stares us in the face that we have solemnly bound ourselves by treaty not to discriminate.

"So much the worse for the treaties," a prominent Representative in Congress is reported to have said. But he could not have said it seriously. It is true that treaties are not absolutely essential to intercourse between nations. Take the instance of our present relations with Russia. The former treaty has been abrogated, and a new one not yet negotiated. Be it noted that the Russian treaty was abrogated in accordance with its own terms. Due notice was served, as therein provided. President Taft did not assume that he or the country was entitled to declare a treaty at an end whenever any of its provisions became irksome. But we are getting on very well with Russia without any treaty. This is because both nations are observing the ordinary rules of friendly behavior. We attempt no discrimination against Russian commerce, or the rights of Russian citizens, not because we have stipulated not to do so, but because it is sound policy not to do so; for we know that there would be instant retaliation. If this would occur even without a treaty, it is the height of absurdity to fancy that the United States could discriminate against a nation in the case of which it had agreed not to discriminate, without inviting immediate and severe reprisals.

The whole question comes down to one of good faith. It has been said by many, and some foreigners are saying it, that Americans are growing very careless about treaty obligations. The thing is spoken of in certain quarters as a new and threatening manifestation of democracy. A great people will do whatever it desires at the moment, regardless of what it has bound itself not to do. But we believe that is a view as shallow as it is cynical. There is no evidence that Americans as a whole do not mean to live up to their international bargains, whether they make a wry face over them or not. Certainly those public men who have the best title to speak for popular sentiment in this matter express no doubt on the point. Mr. Bryan has again and again insisted upon the duty of scrupulously living up to treaties; and we owe a debt to Mr. Roosevelt for his utterances of the same tenor. His advice to his countrymen is to be, indeed, very cautious about entering into treaties, but, once having done so, to abide by their terms religiously. It is this feeling, typically American we believe, which is certain to put the brand of condemnation upon every undeniable violation of a treaty. President Wilson's opposition to the discriminatory clause is in line with the best traditions of his office, and is only what was to have been expected of him.

THE RIGHTS OF PATENTEES.

For the second time in little more than a twelvemonth, the Supreme Court has passed upon an issue of the most fundamental character concerning the right of a patentee to control the selling of his product. In the case decided March 11, 1912, the issue involved was whether the owner of the patent could legally prevent the buyer of the patented article from using it in connection with any materials or adjuncts he might choose to employ; in the case decided last week, the issue was whether the owner of the patent could legally prevent the buyer of the patented article from selling it at a price lower than that fixed by the patentee as its retail or reselling price. The first case was decided *in favor* of the unrestricted control of the patentee over the use of his product; the second was decided *against* the unrestricted control of the patentee over its price.

That these two decisions are contradictory in spirit is evident. The right of a patentee to determine at what price his product shall be sold by others seems but a slight extension of his undisputed right to determine the price at which it shall be sold by himself; while the right to dictate what mate-

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rials or accessories shall be used in connection with it opens up, theoretically at least, an unlimited vista of possibilities of domination over matters not in the least contemplated in the grant of monopoly as to the article itself. How, then, does it come that the same court which last year sanctioned the more remote and more extensive power, has now denied the more immediate and more restricted one? The answer is twofold. In the first place, it is not the same body. Both decisions were made by a divided court, four to three last year and five to four this year; and the four who constituted the majority in last year's decision are the same four judges that formed the minority in this year's. Chief Justice White and Justices Hughes and Lamar dissented from the broad-construction view in the mimeograph case; and now, in the sanatogen case, they are reinforced in the narrow-construction view by Justice Day, who was then absent, and Justice Pitney, who had not yet taken his seat on the bench, so that there was one vacancy.

There is, however, another element in the matter. Though the spirit of the first decision is in contradiction with that of the second, there is no direct inconsistency between them as a matter of law. Justice Day, speaking for the majority in the sanatogen case, seeks to reconcile the two decisions by pointing out that in the mimeograph case the control claimed, and sanctioned by the court, referred to the right to "use" the article, of which a monopoly is granted by the law to the patentee, while the claim in the sanatogen case must rest solely on his right to "vend" it; the idea apparently being that even if the right to "use" it may, by construction, be made to cover a somewhat complex and indefinite region, the right to "vend" it is a very simple thing, and terminates when the vending has once been accomplished. Whatever may be thought of the force of this consideration, it does not require a great deal of boldness to conjecture that if the mimeograph case had been decided by the full court as at present constituted, the decision would have been the reverse of what it was.

Important as these decisions are, and far-reaching as their consequences may be, it must be remembered that they should not be regarded as resting on any fundamental principles applying to the rights of property in general. Whatever policy Congress may desire to institute in regard to either of the questions affected by the decisions, it can establish without the least difficulty, and without the least objection in point of fundamental principle. Upon this matter, much confusion of thought seems to exist in quarters where one would not expect to find it. We cannot help thinking that such confusion is at the bottom of the view expressed by Justice Lurton when, in his opinion on the mimeograph case, he said:

> The market for the sale of such articles to the users of his machines, which by such a condition he takes to himself, was a market which he alone created by the making and selling of the new invention. Had he kept his invention to himself no ink could have been sold by others for use upon machines embodying that invention. By selling it subject to the restriction, he took nothing from others, and in no wise restricted their legitimate market.

It is neither true in fact, nor presumed by the lawmaker, that if a given inventor had "kept his invention to himself" the world would forever have gone without it; the grant of monopoly is given him by the law for an arbitrarily limited period, in entire consciousness of the fact that it will keep out of the field not only would-be imitators, but likewise other inventors who may have been just as meritorious as he in every respect except the one element of priority in time. The patentee has no natural right, nor even the ordinary kind of property right, in his invention; as a matter of specific expediency, such privileges are given him as, upon a rough computation of advantage and disadvantage, seem best calculated to encourage invention and progress; and he is not inherently entitled to any others.

Chief Justice White used extraordinarily strong language in depicting the dangerous possibilities which might flow from the decision in the mimeograph case unless Congress took action; and since that time the subject has been actively discussed, and a scheme for the revision of the patent law has been reported by the House Committee on Patents. The decision of last week limits in one particular the general rights hitherto claimed by patentees under existing law; but, whether this limitation be desirable or not, it does not reach the points of most concern in the question of the abuse of either legal or virtual monopoly advantages. Especially does it leave quite untouched the power of suppressing patents, which is at present at the disposal of any powerful corporation that may see its advantage in pursuing such a policy. Every country, or almost every country, in Europe makes the non-utilization of a patent for two or three years sufficient ground for its forfeiture; and it is difficult to see why this should not be our policy also. The character of last week's decision, and of the dissenting opinion of last year, is sufficient warrant for the belief that the time is ripe for a thoroughgoing consideration of the needs of our patent law in its relation to modern business conditions.

EUROPEAN CHANGES AND AMERICAN IMMIGRATION.

How is our immigration problem likely to be affected by the profound social and political changes now under way in those European countries from which we draw the bulk of our alien population? Is the problem one that, in the nature of things, can be dealt with solely on this side of the Atlantic, or does it involve certain factors not within our own control? Senator Dillingham reintroduced this week the Immigration bill passed in the last session of Congress and vetoed by Mr. Taft. In its new form the bill omits the literacy test which was the main reason for the Presidential veto. In its place we have a very extraordinary provision, which has, however, the merit of being sincere; it is frankly restrictive in intention. No immigrants of any one nationality shall be admitted in any one year to a number exceeding 10 per cent. of the total number of residents in the United States of that particular nationality. It is a device which smacks somewhat of the governmental methods found by Gulliver on the island of Laputa.

The spectre which rides behind Senator Dillingham is the steady decline of immigrants from Northwestern Europe and the steady increase in our Slavic and Mediterranean population. In the decade from 1860 to 1870 the annual immigration from Great Britain and Ireland was above 100,000; from Germany, nearly 80,000; from the Scandinavian countries, 12,500; from Italy, a little above

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1,000; from Austria, less than 1,000; from Russia, less than 500. From 1880 to 1890 the average annual immigration from the United Kingdom was nearly 150,000; from Germany, almost the same number; from the Scandinavian countries, more than 65,000; from Italy, 30,000; from Austria-Hungary, 35,000; from Russia, 26,000. From 1900 to 1910 a noticeable change takes place. The annual average for the decade is: United Kingdom, 86,000; Germany, 34,000; Scandinavia, 50,000; Italy, 205,000; Austria-Hungary, 215,000; Russia, 160,000. Significant as these figures are, it will still be observed that the popular views on the subject are exaggerated. The impression goes forth that the North European immigration has virtually been submerged in the Slav and Latin tide. The fact is that as late as 1911, out of the 522,000 aliens added to our permanent population, nearly 180,000 were of the older immigration. This, added to the resident Anglo-Saxon and Teuton element in this country, would still postpone for some time the danger of a Slavicized and Latinized United States.

What are the reasons for the decline in the older immigration? Why did nearly one and a half million Germans land in this country between 1880 and 1890, and only 341,000 between 1900 and 1910? Why during the same period did the English influx drop from 657,000 to 388,000, and the Irish influx from 655,000 to 339,000? Is it a case of the inferior coin driving the superior coin from the market? Did the arrival of the Slav and the Italian render the United States less attractive for the North European? The true cause is found outside of this country. It is not that the United States has grown less attractive to the German, but that his own Fatherland has grown much more attractive to him. It is not that the Irishman finds the United States a less desirable place to live in, but that he is finding Ireland a much more livable place than it used to be. As for the Englishman and the Scotchman it is not their own home that is holding them back, but Canada draws them where formerly the United States took them. In other words, it was internal conditions in Northwest Europe that largely conditioned the older immigration to this country, and it is a change in such conditions that has reduced the volume of immigration. The Germany that rose after 1871 has shown herself capable of supporting her native increase. Ireland is rapidly tending in the same direction. The drain on her vital resources which in sixty years cut her population in half has almost ceased. Within a year or two a balance between gain and loss is predicted. Every reason leads us to believe that Ireland, under Home Rule, will send fewer and fewer of her sons across the seas.

The question arises whether the same causes may not be expected to operate within the countries from which the heaviest immigrant tide now sets in our direction. Southern and Eastern Europe is astir. Italy is experiencing an industrial and commercial renaissance. She has taken possession of an immense territory in North Africa. It is not to be expected that Tripoli will ever take care of Italy's entire surplus population, or that for years to come it will even offer serious competition with the United States and Argentina. But who would have predicted thirty years ago that an annual German emigration of more than 150,000 would dwindle to less than 35,000? What will be the effect of the political reconstruction of the Balkan peninsula? It is legitimate to suppose that under new auspices the Balkan national life will absorb many who now seek their fortunes in this country. In the Hapsburg monarchy the trend is unmistakably towards the enhancement of the Slav influence. Economic pressure is no doubt mainly responsible for the exodus of Croats, Czechs, and Galician Poles; but the redressing of the political balance in their favor, followed by a more vigorous national life, is bound to show results in a diminished emigration.

So with Russia, from which we now draw more than 150,000 emigrants every year. Here is no case of inevitable economic pressure driving out a surplus population. The empire is thinly populated. Its resources, counting in the scarcely touched wealth of Siberia, are enormous. Backward political institutions and racial repression have rendered emigration the only refuge for the population of the Jewish Pale. The immediate prospects of a favorable policy towards the Jews of Russia are not of the brightest. But confidence in the forward movement of civilization compels the belief that Russia, too, must become a more livable place for her people. In that case, this country is likely to register the change in a diminished immigration from that source.

FITS AND MISFITS IN OFFICE.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford adds, in the June *Atlantic*, to his gallery of Confederate portraits an interesting sketch of Judah P. Benjamin. Materials for the study are scanty. Benjamin saw to that, destroying all the letters and personal records upon which he could lay his hands. Yet Mr. Bradford succeeds in evoking a fairly clear picture of the man, with the unusual result of going counter to the presupposition with which the author set out. The view of Benjamin with which he began was that he was a man of "remarkable ability, an adventurer of genius, but of little character." But, "now," concludes Mr. Bradford, "I am forced to the opposite conclusion, that his character was respectable, if not unexceptionable, but his ability mediocre." He speaks of Benjamin as "a small man placed in a great position"; but adds that "the crises of nations always exhibit such misfits."

They were certainly numerous enough in Benjamin's time, both North and South. He began as Secretary of War in the Confederate Cabinet, but so soon had everybody by the ears, particularly the generals in the field, that he was promoted to the State Department. Yet he could not have been a worse misfit than Lincoln's first Secretary of War, Simon Cameron. It was for something worse than incapacity that he had to be removed—or, rather, exiled to the American Legation in St. Petersburg. And anybody who has read Welles's Diary would be able to mention other square pegs in the round holes of Lincoln's Cabinet. As for the Union army, it required full two years to weed out the misfit commanders.

The misfortune of getting the wrong man for an important office, or of failing to get the right man—which often comes to the same thing—is not entirely to be blamed upon the appointing or electing power. In advance, it is impossible for the wisest to be sure of their man. Judged by all antecedents and likelihoods, Mr. Taft was ideally fitted for the Presidency. If it had been his lot to fail of election to it, every-

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body would have said that he would have been one of the most successful of Presidents. As it is, his friends can but renew the old sigh, *nisi imperâsset*. Great as are many of his qualities, and engaging as is his nature, he left office with the general verdict that he had not highly succeeded. And as the brightest anticipatory hopes, founded on apparently the soundest reasons, are sometimes dashed by the actual experiment, so are apprehensions of a display of unfitness occasionally proven needless by the event. It is much too soon to make any predictions about President Wilson's Administration, but already he has made certain vaticinations about his conduct in office appear ridiculous. It was said that he would be forever making speeches or lecturing, and that the crushing and unavoidable routine of the Presidency would be too much for him. What could a schoolmaster do in one of the most laborious positions in the world? Well, thus far Wilson has kept still and worked like a horse. His industry and dispatch are the wonder of Washington. An old Senator came away from the Executive offices with the remark: "It appears to me that this college professor is more of a man of business than any President I have known."

Truly, you never can tell. One reason is that the public, and even a man's friends, cannot be sure beforehand for what kind of work he is best fitted. Another reason is that the man himself often does not know until he has tried. It frequently occurs that men of unusual powers believe that they could have succeeded better in something else than the work they are compelled to do. Their confidence is ordinarily based on something more stable than that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was positive that he should have been a much greater soldier than artist, since he did so love the smell of powder! But the greatest minds have sometimes displayed a singular lack of correct self-judgment. Goethe seems to have thought that his work in optics—mostly mistaken, we believe—would carry his name further down the generations than his poetry. And as for the men who now and then step outside their chosen field, we know what sorrowful head-shakings they occasion, and what rebukes they invite. When Dr. Arnold began taking part in the political discussions of his day, his opponents said: "What a shame that the Head Master of Rugby should waste his time in writing pamphlets!" It is probable, however, that some of his admirers exclaimed: "What a pity that a man with such capacity for statesmanship should be compelled to teach boys!" Both were wrong.

It is not uncommon for men in high office to express regret that they had not devoted themselves to some other pursuit. Gladstone is said to have more than once lamented the fact that he did not follow his first inclination to the Church; in that case, he would undoubtedly have been Archbishop of Canterbury instead of Prime Minister. His great rival, Disraeli, once pretended to Matthew Arnold that he was sorry he had given up literature for politics. In both these instances, one suspects a certain affectation or insincerity. But neither was ever alleged against Lord Althorp, who did more than anybody else to get the Reform Bill of 1832 through the House of Commons. His aversion to public life was unmistakably genuine, and it was with real bitterness that he said that nature had intended him to be a farmer, but circumstances had compelled him to be a politician. Such complaints have been rare in this country! All would admit, however, that to condemn a man to the forced labor, and the cruel and unusual punishments, of an important political office, when his heart is not in it, and his tastes and his desires would drag him out of it, is one of the worst cases of misfitting.

FEDERAL ARCHIVES OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON.

There has lately issued from the Government Printing Office a volume, edited by Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, entitled "The Archives of Government Outside of Washington." It cannot fail to stimulate the growing demand for a National Archives building in Washington. It comprises reports from various officers of the national Government throughout this country and abroad and shows the extent and character of their archives. In it are disclosed the damage and loss which the records have sustained from fire and flood, from the frequent moving of offices, from the ravages of vermin and insects, and, worst of all, from the neglect of officials. It is impossible to read Mr. Putnam's summary of the general conditions, and the condensed reports themselves, without a feeling of indignation that such ignorance and wanton carelessness should have been allowed to go unchecked, and even unnoticed, up to the present time. For many years past the deplorable condition of the Government archives in Washington has been made the subject of investigations and reports; but this is the first time that attention has been called to the condition of the Federal archives outside of Washington. The reports now published were ordered to be prepared by President Taft last summer, the duty of prescribing instructions for the reporting officers and of editing the reports for transmittal to Congress being assigned to the Librarian of Congress.

The most important of the archives outside of Washington are undoubtedly those in our diplomatic offices throughout the world; but the reports show that not one of our old legations has complete records. For instance, those at London begin in 1828, although the mission was established in 1785; those at The Hague in 1830, although we had a Minister there in 1781; and those in Denmark in 1841, whereas the mission was opened in 1812. The absence of some of these records is due to the fact that it was common, in earlier years, for a departing Minister to carry his records with him. Thus it happens that many documents which are really official are in the hands of descendants of diplomatic officers, and others are owned by collectors, while some are in historical institutions. They figure, too, in nearly all large auction sales of manuscripts.

Notwithstanding all the losses, the reports show that the Legations have a considerable amount of interesting historical data in their archives. Thus, the Legation at Peking has Caleb Cushing's account of his voyage to Macao and the making of our first treaty with China in 1844; in Bogota is correspondence with Colombia as early as 1834 on the subject of a railway at Panama and a canal across the Isthmus of Darien; at Rome there are letters of Garibaldi offering his services to the Union army when our Civil War broke out; at Madrid there is the record of the dispute with Spain over the boundary of Louisi-

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ana. These are only examples of many rich deposits.

The reports from the offices under the Treasury Department show that, although the internal revenue districts were not established until 1862, their records are not complete in any offices except perhaps those at New York and Brooklyn. Some of the custom houses were established in 1789, but none of them has complete records. It is gratifying to notice that the early records of several of the oldest offices were rescued from impending destruction a few years ago and sent to the Library of Congress, where they now are. The reports from the offices under the War Department bring to light curious and unexpected historical data—a British admiralty chart of Mobile Bay, dated 1771, in the United States Engineer's Office at Mobile, for example, and the records of a firm of merchants running from 1754 to 1813, in the Depot Quartermaster's office in Philadelphia.

Perhaps the reports which plead most eloquently for a reform in the methods of caring for the archives are those from the clerks of the Federal district courts. Court practice is based largely upon precedent; old court records are constantly used if they are usable; the issues involved are grave questions affecting property, liberty, and even life. Here we should expect to find that the greatest care had been exercised; but the fact is that not one district court has all of its records. Many have been burned, but more have been lost through carelessness.

Fortunately, some of the records of the district courts of the Confederate States have survived and are at Birmingham and Mobile, Pensacola, Oxford, Miss., and Atlanta. Some of the courts do not know what records they have lost, for there are no inventories. The Clerk of the District Court at Concord, N. H., says the records are "of tremendous historical value," but that their arrangement is unsatisfactory; the clerk at Savannah, Ga. (the court having been established in 1789), says he has "priceless historical records in a chaotic state"; the clerk at Des Moines says: "No investigator could work to advantage with the archives in their present condition. It would first require an archæologist, in the sense of an excavator, to dig them out of the dirt."

Nearly all the reporting officers declare that they can accommodate an historical investigator, and that his presence in the office would be acceptable to them; but it is perfectly plain, as Mr. Putnam says, that all the archives which are not in actual current use for administrative purposes should be sent to Washington and find their final resting place in a new National Archives building. They should no longer be left to the care of officers who are in too many cases ignorant of their value and indifferent to their preservation.

BALKAN PEACE—AND STRIFE.

The treaty of peace between Turkey and her Balkan opponents was signed in London on Friday of last week. Whatever the immediate future may bring to the victorious allies, this event is definitive so far as the Ottoman Empire in Europe is concerned. Turkey in Europe emerges from the struggle a fragment of her former self. Constantinople and a mere hinterland of some six or seven thousand square miles remain out of her holdings of nearly 65,000 square miles at the beginning of the war. Crete and the islands in the Ægean are lost to her. Constantinople is more than ever dependent on the sufferance of the Powers, and the Powers are in turn no longer the free agents they were until half a year ago, when it was for them to issue orders and for the Balkan peoples to obey. Had peace been signed under other auspices than actually obtained, this would be the time to review the rise and fall of the Ottoman power in Europe, and, specifically, to examine the interesting problem why an empire which showed remarkable vitality under corrupt and despotic government should have been confronted with disaster as soon as it made the attempt to bring its government and its institutions into conformity with the principles of modern life.

Unfortunately, peace comes to the Balkans under gloomy circumstances. The same dispatches reported the signing of the treaty between Turkey and the allies and the imminence of war within the ranks of the allies. Between Bulgarians and Greeks actual fighting has taken place. The division of Turkish spoils is the issue. When the Balkan alliance was organized last year none of the partners to the agreement foresaw that victory would come to them so easily and in such full measure. It was assumed that the brunt of the war would fall upon Bulgaria, that the Greek fleet would play an important part, and that Servia might help out, but hardly more than that. Servia's military prestige had been at low ebb ever since her bad defeat by Bulgaria nearly thirty years ago. The showing made by the Greeks against Turkey in 1897 was not such as to raise large expectations with regard to the Greek army. In their anticipatory apportionment of Turkish territory, Greece and Servia, and particularly the latter, were content with a much smaller share than they now demand. The acquisition of the region known as Old Servia would have satisfied the Government at Belgrade. Both to the Servians and Greeks came amazing success in the field. The Servian forces overran northern and central Macedonia with ease. The Greek advance northward into Epirus and maritime Macedonia was almost as rapid. A revision of the preliminary agreement became inevitable.

What makes the problem all the more complex is the extraordinary intermingling of ethnic and historical claims in the disputed region. It is not as if virgin territory were to be carved out and the dispute were over the actual share of each partner, measured in square miles. Macedonia is a welter of races. Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks live in the same villages, and often so evenly balanced as to leave a minority in control, no matter to which one Government the particular village should be assigned. So confusing is the racial patchwork in many sections that the suggestion was even brought forward for the erection of a self-governing Macedonia with guarantees of local autonomy for the different peoples. If the appeal is made to history, the claims become still more contradictory. The Greeks, regarding themselves as the successors of the Byzantine emperors, might formulate a title to the greater part of the Balkan peninsula. The Bulgarian Czars in their time ruled over what is now Servian territory. The Serbs under Stephen Dushan, back in the fourteenth century, extended their sway over Macedonia and Albania. Religious differences have been superimposed on the racial problem. The authority of the Patriarch of Constanti-

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nople and of the Bulgarian Exarch have been in conflict among the adherents of Byzantine Christianity. In the Albanian districts the Catholics are in a heavy majority.

Conflicting historical claims running back a thousand years or more need not usually be regarded as insurmountable difficulties. The diplomats may throw them back and forth over the council table, but they can hardly have meaning to the masses of the people. Unfortunately, in the Balkans these historic claims find support in the persistence of very real racial animosities. Up to five years ago the Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Serbs were engaged in bitter internecine war in Macedonia. The ills of that unhappy country were due in minor part to the wickedness of Turkish rule. It was in anticipation of the downfall of Turkish rule that marauding bands from the three countries turned Macedonia into a land of massacre, each nation trying to win a foothold before the Turkish collapse came. Recognizing that the time had come for a decisive attack upon the Turks, the warring nationalities laid aside their enmities. The conquest of self-government for Macedonia was the object contemplated by the allies. Had only that been obtained and Macedonia placed under a ruler probably nominated by the Powers, the struggle among the nationalities would have been renewed on the political field, until such a time as the ultimate disposition of that region could be effected either by agreement or by war. But the Turkish collapse has brought about the need of an immediate solution for what was regarded as a problem for the future.

GREECE REVISITED.

ATHENS, May 22.

The perennial charm of Greece to the classical scholar is not lessened even by a fifth visit. But the charm is not quite the same that it was forty years ago, when the late Professor Seymour, of Yale, and I came to Athens for the first time. The semi-Oriental picturesqueness of Greece and her people has nearly vanished, especially in the cities and larger towns. Athens is now a modern city. A good water supply is needed, and to provide this a commission has recently been voted by the Senate. There are a few parts of the city, particularly on the north and east slopes of the Acropolis, that recall the Athens of earlier days, where one may still see an old Greek with fez and fustanella or Turkish trousers serenely puffing at his nargileh.

The conveniences for travel in the interior have within a few years increased greatly. The inns at Delphi, Nauplia, Olympia, and other points are more than tolerable. By rail the tourist can travel from Athens by way of Argos and Kalamata to Olympia, and return thence by way of Patras, thus encompassing the entire Peloponnesus; and a train will take him through Thessaly to the vale of Tempe. You can go to Marathon and back by motor-car in an afternoon.

One of the most important gains to Greece from the present war with Turkey is the acquisition of territory in Macedonia long desired, through which to build a railway connecting Greece with the transcontinental line that runs from Vienna to Costanza. The distance to be covered is less than one hundred miles.

The splendid achievements on the field of battle by the Crown Prince, now King Constantine, and the tragic death of his father, King George, have firmly established the reigning house in the affections of the people. The immediate effect of the war upon agriculture is painfully apparent as one rides through the country. Everywhere are seen fields untilled or worked by old men, women, and children, whose husbands and fathers are in the army. After so long a campaign and such heavy expenditure, it is surprising to find Greece still so well equipped to prolong the conflict. A well-informed citizen told me that, if necessary, Greece could have put into the field a hundred thousand men who had not seen service. The credit of the country is unimpaired, and its paper money is equivalent to gold. One meets at every turn Greek soldiers from our own country who are eager to air their English vocabulary whenever they meet a "fellow-countryman." There are in all about 80,000 of them who came to fight for their fatherland, and he is the exception who does not intend to return to America.

Archæological excavations have not been possible this season, since nearly all available workmen have been enlisted in the war. In spite of this, however, interest in archæological studies is as keen as ever. At a recent public meeting of our American School, one of its members, a young woman who was graduated at Vassar, gave an account of excavations conducted by her at Halæ in Bœotia, where important remains of a prehistoric city were found. Professor Karo, of the German Institute, has recently given an account of his excavations at Tiryns, which revealed the existence of an earlier prehistoric palace which he dates at about 2000 B. C. lying beneath the later palace, dating from about 1400 B. C. The visitor to the Acropolis sees scaffolding erected before the east portico of the Propylæa, which is undergoing extensive repairs. The easternmost of the north row of the Ionic columns that formed the central colonnade, together with part of the architrave running to the north wall of the central portico of the Propylæa, has been skilfully restored from ancient material found lying about on the Acropolis. A similar restoration of the corresponding column and architrave on the south, for which the stones have been found, is also to be made. A partial restoration of the front colonnade of the southwest wing is also to be undertaken. These restorations are under the direction of Balanos, a skilful Greek architect, who has been aided, however, in finding the material by the brilliant young architect of our American School, Mr. W. B. Dinsmoor, whose investigations promise to give much new light on the ancient construction of this building, particularly of the roofs of the two wings at the west. Former visitors to the Acropolis who recall the ruinous condition of the north porch of the Erechtheum, are delighted to see this gem of ancient architecture so beautifully restored. The west wall of this building, with the windows and engaged columns of the Roman period, has been erected mostly from ancient material. How much has been added to our knowledge of this remarkable structure by the studies and discoveries of the architect, Mr. G. P. Stevens, now of the American Academy in Rome, supplemented by the researches of Dinsmoor and Mr. B. G. Hill, the director of our School at Athens, is too long and technical a story to tell here.

It may interest the readers of the *Nation* to know that the American School is preparing to publish in suitable form the results of the investigations of its architects and scholars into the history and construction of the Erechtheum, and that this volume is so far advanced that its appearance may be expected before the close of the present year. Slight repairs on the Parthenon are also under way. The great undertaking of reërecting the columns of the peristyle, whose *disjecta membra* are lying at the sides of the building, still waits for the requisite funds. That the Greek Government and its archæological society will some day undertake this task cannot be doubted. If it can be done with as much skill and good taste as the Greek architects have exhibited thus far in their restorations, there can be no doubt that this noblest monument of Greek art that has survived from the days of Pericles will impress the beholder with an added sense of beauty.

It is a great delight to see how well the Greeks are caring for the preservation of the monuments of the past. All ruins and sites of excavations are carefully guarded, and at every site one

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finds small local museums for preserving and exhibiting fragments of sculpture and architecture found on the spot. In this connection it is worth while to observe how alert the Greek Government is to safeguard possible sites of archæological interest in the newly acquired territory in Epirus and Macedonia. Already ephors of antiquities have been appointed in these districts, and steps have been taken to organize museums and to preserve ancient works of art or objects of interest in the domain wrested from the hands of the Turks.

Coming from Italy, where there is an equal zeal for guarding and preserving objects of ancient art and monuments of historic interest, one cannot fail to observe the difference between the Greek and Italian authorities in their attitude towards the visitor. In Italy all sites and collections are made as far as possible sources of revenue. Perhaps the most flagrant case is found at Pompeii, where, after you have paid the admission fee of two and a half francs, you find that all the noteworthy things, with the single exception of the house of the Vetii, are locked away from inspection by gates and doors, which, to be sure, the guards are expected to open at your request without a fee. But this is rarely done ungrudgingly and without manifest discontent if a fee is not in sight. On the other hand, Greece, which is a much poorer country, throws open freely to the public all sites and collections of artistic and historic interest, taking pains even to post notices in the museums forbidding custodians to receive any gratuity. "Well," said the Greek of whom I made inquiry, "we Greeks are proud of the monuments of our past history, and if you foreigners think it worth the while to come so far to see them, we feel that we ought at least to let you enjoy the sight without requiring a fee."

Nothing is more gratifying to the American visitor to Athens than to find how greatly esteemed by the Greek scholars and by the other national schools of archæology is the work done by our American School. Its contributions to the history of the buildings on the Acropolis are recognized by European scholars as of the greatest value. The most recent of these has just appeared from Dr. Hill, on "The Older Parthenon," in which he shows that all previous reconstructions, notably that of Dr. Dörpfeld, are erroneous, and that the building destroyed by the Persians was a hexastyle, and not an octastyle, temple, and had a cella almost as long as the temple built by Pericles.

A much needed addition to the building of our School, providing more room for its library and for its students and instructors, is now in course of erection. A much needed addition to the permanent endowment of the School would be a great boon worthily bestowed.

MARTIN L. D'OOGE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Southey, when writing to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "The paper upon Bunyan in the last *Quarterly Review* is by Sir Walter [Scott]. He has not observed, and I, when I wrote the 'Life' had forgotten, that the 'compleat design of a Pilgrim's Progress' is to be found in Lucian's 'Hermotimus.' Not that Bunyan saw it there—but that the obvious allegory had presented itself to Lucian's mind as well as to many others" (Brydges's "Autobiography," Vol. II, p. 285). This reference is also given in a footnote to the reprint in Southey's "Cromwell and Bunyan." The passage, although a striking one, has not, I think, been quoted in this connection, but it must be read with Southey's warning. In the excellent version of Lucian by H. W. and F. G. Fowler (Clarendon Press), it is thus given:

Lycinus. I conceive Virtue, then, under the figure of a State whose citizens are happy—as your professor, who is one of them, phrases it—absolutely wise, all or them brave, just, and self-controlled, hardly distinguishable, in fact, from Gods. All sorts of things that go on here, such as robbery, assault, unfair gain, you will never find attempted there, I believe; their relations are all peace and unity; and this is quite natural, seeing that none of the things which elsewhere occasion strife and rivalry, and prompt men to plot against their neighbors, so much as come in their way at all. Gold, pleasures, distinctions, they never regard as objects of dispute; they have banished them long ago as undesirable elements. Their life is serene and blissful, in the enjoyment of legality, equality, liberty, and all other good things.

Hermotimus. Well, Lycinus? Must not all men yearn to belong to a State like that, and never count the toil of getting there, nor lose heart over the time it takes? Enough that one day they will arrive, and be naturalized, and given the franchise.

Lycinus. In good truth, Hermotimus, we should devote all our efforts to this, and neglect everything else; we need pay little heed to any claims of our earthly country; we should steel our hearts against the clingings and cryings of children or parents, if we have them; it is well if we can induce them to go with us; but, if they will not or cannot, shake them off and march straight for the city of bliss, leaving your coat in their hands, if they lay hold of it to keep you back, in your hurry to get there; what matter for a coat? You will be admitted there without one.

I remember hearing a description of it all once before from an old man, who urged me to go there with him. He would show me the way, enroll me when I got there, introduce me to his own circles, and promise me a share in the universal Happiness. But I was stiff-necked, in my youthful folly (it was some fifteen years ago); else might I have been in the outskirts, nay, haply at the very gates, by now. Among the noteworthy things he told me, I seem to remember these: all the citizens are aliens and foreigners, not a native among them; they include numbers of barbarians, slaves, cripples, dwarfs, and poor; in fact, any one is admitted; for their law does not associate the franchise with income, with shape, size, or beauty, with old or brilliant ancestry; these things are not considered at all; any one who would be a citizen needs only understanding, zeal for the right, energy, perseverance, fortitude, and resolution in facing all the trials of the road; whoever proves his possession of these by persisting till he reaches the city is *ipso facto* a full citizen, regardless of his antecedents. Such distinctions as superior and inferior, noble and common, bond and free, simply do not exist there, even in name.

Hermotimus. There, now; you see I am not wasting my pains on trifles; I yearn to be counted among the citizens of that fair and happy State.

But there is, we are now told, a difficulty in finding a safe guide, and there are apparently many different and inconsistent ways, and the most respectable person at the entrance of each road has a welcoming hand and an exhortation to go his way. Here Lucian is on a fresh tack and the resemblance to Bunyan lies only in the passage quoted, and there are of course essential differences in the outlook of the Greek satirist and the English Puritan.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE ETIQUETTE OF HUMOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A witty writer—was it Charles Lamb?—once said that "a difference of taste in jokes is a severe strain upon the affections." However true this may be, there are undoubtedly certain canons of good taste which are universally accepted by well-bred people as governing humorous expression of any sort. To twit any one upon his personal failings, physical or mental; to touch upon the low or obscene; to interrupt with ribaldry grave and earnest thought: all these, it may be assumed as granted, are taboo among true ladies and gentlemen—"Ladies are always present!" said a fine old army officer.

No less rigorous and indisputable, I conceive, is the ban against openly ridiculing sincere religious belief. "I do not think any man of modesty or thoughtfulness," said Ruskin, "will ever speak contemptuously of any religion in which God has allowed one good man to die, trusting." There are tourists who giggle at the ceremonial service, strange to them, in foreign cathedrals, mosques, and synagogues; to whom the devout Mussulman, prostrating himself upon his prayer-rug, is an object for jibes and merriment; but these ill-bred spectators have few defenders. The only excuse for their bad manners is their ignorance.

The law of good-breeding which applies to the spoken jest holds good, with even greater force, when wit and humor receive more or less permanence in print, inasmuch as the audience becomes immeasurably larger. If it be rude, unseemly, barbarous, to laugh at an act of religious service, how much more detestable is the offence when published and placed in the hands of countless readers, many of whom are sure to be wounded by the thoughtless witticism! Yet this is done openly and without rebuke, in our own country, almost every day in the year. There is rarely, for instance, an issue of the leading humorous weekly in the United States in which portions of the Bible, the liturgy, or the service of Protestant, Romanist, or Jew are not held up to ridicule in squib or cartoon. Some weeks ago the acme of this ill-bred jocosity was reached when the words of the dying Christ upon the cross, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" were used to point a silly and banal joke;

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and the proud contributor of the phrase was awarded a prize of one hundred dollars! Surely, the sacred words were applicable anew to the perpetration of this almost blasphemous piece of applied witticism!

But I am assailing such "jokes" as the foregoing not from the standpoint of ethics or religion, or personal grievance; I am merely endeavoring to apply to them the laws of good breeding; of the bearing and conversation to be expected of a gentleman in the society of others of his kind. The offence just referred to was committed, probably, out of pure ignorance of the feelings of many of the readers of the paper. Were the editor importuned to make fun publicly of the last words of his dying mother, or even to quote them with a jest, he would shrink with horror from such desecration of her memory. He simply did not realize that there are millions of people, thousands of his readers, to whom the scene of the Crucifixion in all its terrible details is sacred. The question is not—and herein consists the gist of what I have to say—whether their religious belief is true or false; nor does the editor, by his attitude, claim immunity for an excess of iconoclastic zeal. In a number of the same periodical, issued a few weeks later, there was on one page a shamefully gross caricature of the Hebrew prophet in the wilderness, fed by ravens, and on a closely succeeding page a picture worthy, from its tenderness, its lovely suggestions, its sweet helpfulness, to be framed and placed on the walls of every Christian home in the land. It was called, if I recollect, "A True Worshipper," and represented a little boy in his pajamas, kneeling beside a Pullman sleeping-berth to say his prayers, while two or three men drew back, hushed and touched by the sight of the little fellow's innocent devotions, and, it may be, the memory of their own childhood, when they bowed their heads at night upon their mother's knee. The editor who honestly desired to aim the shafts of his ridicule at religion would never have published that illustration. In his treatment of the story of Calvary, in his cartoons of Old Testament scenes, in his caricatures of the officiating clergy of almost every religion among civilized men to-day, he is simply trying, it seems, to "split the ears of the groundlings."

What is the remedy for this too frequent violation of the decencies of the trade of humorist? A remonstrance from a subscriber will receive the inevitable retort: "My dear fellow, we are not accountable for difference of taste in jokes!" The entire point of the objection, namely, the basic barbarism of special forms of humor under discussion, is of course disregarded. The managers of such a publication, I repeat, undoubtedly err from pure ignorance, for it is inconceivable that they should hurt, shock, repel the more thoughtful of their readers out of simple wantonness, or that they should wilfully overleap the bounds of decency and good taste.

For an example of these last *desiderata* they have not far to look. It is rather the fashion for us Americans to speak slightingly of the recognized organ of British humor. But, whatever our opinion of the liveliness of its wit, no one can deny that our old friend in Bouverie Street is always clean and kindly. Its humor is as sweet and wholesome as its satire is trenchant. It is never guilty of ridiculing sincere religious belief, whether held by a Hottentot or by a bishop or by an innocent child; it never prints salacious or suggestive pictures; yet it seems to have succeeded tolerably well in a business way, and, to quote one of its most familiar advertisements, to be "still going strong."

It is a great pity that we cannot have a humorous paper conducted, in so far at least, on the same lines; with a keen flavoring, if you will, of American wit; a paper that would appeal to the average American citizen, that would recognize the legitimate limits of the joke, that might mercilessly attack with the powerful weapon of ridicule not the sanctities of home or religion, but whatever it believed base, mercenary, hypocritical in our complex modern life, while it fostered what was good and of honest report; a paper of infinite jest, of unfailing good humor, of kindly wit; a paper of which one might say, with old Izaak Walton, "It is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look up at one another next morning." WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Boston, May 30.

"HOOSIER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The communication in your issue of May 8, from H. M. Kingery, as to the origin of the word "Hoosier," is a striking illustration of the fact that error crushed to earth will rise again. The "new account" of its derivation from the use of "hussar" by Col. Lehmanowski has passed the age of threescore years and ten in Indiana, and is as hopeless as other conjectural theories that have been commonly accepted.

A few years ago an autobiographical sketch of Col. Lehmanowski was published at Philadelphia, with the title "Under Two Captains," edited by Rev. W. A. Sadtler, Ph.D. In this Col. Lehmanowski expressly states his faith that he originated the word, as stated by Mr. Kingery; but in connection with facts that completely disprove his theory. Lehmanowski lived in the East until 1833, and did not reach Indiana until the spring of 1834. The first appearance of the word "Hoosier" in print, as applied to Indiana, was long supposed to be in a Carriers' New Year's Address of the Indianapolis *Journal*, on January 1, 1833. This poem, by John Finley, was above the average in merit, and attracted wide attention. The name was immediately adopted by Indiana people, and in the summer of 1833 a newspaper named the *Hoosier* was started at Greencastle, Ind., by ex-Gov. J. B. Ray.

Finley's poem, however, was originally written in 1830, and the word was in use in its Southern slang sense in Indiana at least as early as that time. But the poem put it in a new light, and nicknaming States was a popular fad at that time, so that no reproach attached to it.

It is noteworthy that discussion as to the origin of the word arose at once, and all of the theories that have since been elaborated, with one exception, were offered in print during the year 1833. Among them, the "hussar" theory was advanced by the Cincinnati *Evening Star* a year before Lehmanowski arrived in Indiana. Most of these theories are based on the erroneous assumption that the word was coined for the purpose of indicating a native of Indiana. In reality it was adopted, just as "Buckeye" for Ohio, "Sucker" for Illinois, "Red Horse" for Kentucky, etc.

The word is still widely in use in the South in its original sense of an uncouth rustic, and is applied especially to the mountaineers, from Kentucky to Georgia. It has often been remarked that English dialect is better preserved in our Southern States than in England, and that many so-called Americanisms are really English dialect. This is almost certainly the case with "Hoosier." Its most probable source is the Cumberland dialect word "hoozer," which is applied to anything unusually large, and which presumably comes from the Anglo-Saxon *hoo*, meaning "high," which is a common component of English place names.

The subject received full historical consideration in No. 2, Vol. IV, of the Indiana Historical Society's Publications; and this was continued in the *Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History* for June, 1911. Up to the present, the earliest use of the word in print that has been discovered is in a New Year's address of the *Indiana Democrat* for 1832, in which, in the course of jocular advice to the Legislature in connection with the public lands, it is advised to

Ask for our "hoosiers' " good plantations.

As any discoveries of earlier printed use of the word will probably be accidental, it would be a favor if any one finding such use would inform the undersigned.

J. P. DUNN,
Secretary Ind. Hist. Soc.

Indianapolis, May 29.

BLAKE AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article in the *Nation* of March 6, entitled "Old and New Art," F. J. M., jr., calls attention to the fact that the platform of Post-Impressionism had been anticipated by certain maxims of William Blake. The affinity between Blake and the artists of the new school is not limited to theory alone. It is only necessary to compare Blake's designs in any one of his books ("Urizen" will serve admirably) with the canvases of Van Gogh or Matisse to see how thoroughly in accord they are. Everywhere in Blake one finds the "powerful distortions" and the "childish symbolism" which Professor Mather designates as the characteristics of the new art.

Perhaps some Post-Impressionist, Cubist, or Futurist will give us a logical interpretation of the "Prophetic Books"?

HENRY A. BURD.

Hiram College, May 23.

JEFFERSON ON THE BOOK TAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following extract from the Minutes of the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia may be of some interest, as showing the length of the lane which finally gives some faint hope of turning:

November 13th, 1821.

The committee to whom was referred the letter of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, dated at

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Monticello the 28th of Sept., 1821, on the subject of existing duties on imported books, report, That your committee entirely coincide in opinion with Mr. Jefferson. That although our own manufacturers ought to be encouraged, the paramount interest of science demands that every facility should be afforded to the obtainment of books which are essential to the student and man of letters, and which are rarely if ever published in our country. The committee recommend the following resolution:

Resolved, That a respectful petition to the congress of the United States be prepared, to be signed by the President in the name and behalf of the Trustees of the University of Georgia, praying a repeal of the duty on imported books; and that an address, to be signed in like manner, be made to the Senators and representatives of Georgia in Congress, soliciting their aid to effectuate the object of said petition, and that a copy of Mr. Jefferson's letter accompany the said address.

W. D. HOOPER.

Athens, Ga., May 31.

Literature

THE NEW CHINA.

The Passing of the Manchus. By Percy Horace Kent, M.A. (Oxon.). With illustrations and maps. New York: *Longmans, Green & Co.* $4.20 net.

In attempting to write a general history of the recent upturn in China, the author of this volume has set himself a task without hope of finality. There are, however, compensating advantages; Mr. Kent shows himself to be qualified by temperament and training to discuss a situation not yet fully achieved; he lived through the turmoil at Peking, had access to unpublished documents, and enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the leaders in the struggle; he has written a book which, if not exhaustive, is wholly satisfactory and deserves much higher praise than that implied in the publishers' customary and rather meretricious adjective "timely." It is an effort of solid merit and good breeding, plainly told and entirely free from that "certain condescension" which is apt to pervade the writings of foreigners in other countries besides our own.

Mr. Kent's belief in the inherent soundness of the race which has weathered so many storms, while it does not blind him to the dangerous elements in the present outlook, implies the comforting conviction that the desire of the masses for an honest administration must assert itself in the long run. The people may respond less expeditiously than in other countries to the call of patriotism, but this is largely due to their habit of acknowledging a supreme Government in which they felt no responsibility. Their resistance to change has become a byword with us; but it was not the people who showed a prejudice in the past to unfamiliar institutions, it was the Manchu Government. The nation does not expect much from others; it has been trained for ages in a bitter experience of labor and sorrow—

With close-lipped Patience for its only friend—
Sad Patience, too near neighbor to despair.

It may bungle badly for a time under untried captains, but even here there appears to be material out of which statesmen are made, and with their well-known capacity for organization the people, after enduring confusion for a time, may be trusted to work out their political salvation. "There is," says the author sensibly,

a tendency for the West to be too harsh in its judgments of China. In its impatience to see a settled China ready for much business, it inclines to forget that revolutions must run their normal course. Again, peoples amongst whom representative institutions are part and parcel of life are apt to underestimate the great difficulties of representative government, and an infant deliberative assembly of untried men, unorganized and under no recognized leader, must inevitably prove a rudderless bark on the political sea. It does not follow that the material is bad material, and the closest observers have formed high hopes of many of the men who now occupy the stage. Despite immaturities and even absurdities, something of a spirit of true renascence is abroad. It is certain that great numbers of the leaders realize perfectly well the vastness of the task which lies ahead. They understand the radical differences between the new China, for which they stand, and the Old. They recognize the great gulf fixed between them, and frankly admit that the ideals for which the Republicans have striven are not to be attained short of many years. And, what is more important, they appreciate the fact that the most essential element in the requirements of progress is sound finance, with its handmaiden, properly organized administration.

Mr. Kent also furnishes the materials from which we are able to estimate several elemental factors that more or less condition the future—among them the military utility of their army, the personnel of their politicians, and their comprehension of the task of reconstruction.

The first of these is revealed in his account of the operations about Hankow. This was the only part of the Empire where the fighting can be described as serious or sustained. Many tales of the struggle have already been printed, but none of them is to be compared with the orderly and precise description of the entire campaign here related. It is no reflection upon the bravery of the rebels under General Li to conclude that the honors of these operations rest mainly with the Imperialist army. Had not the other provinces been utterly rebellious, the fighting qualities and leadership of this one army might ultimately have secured the Dynasty upon its throne. It met the best array of the rebels when they were in possession of the resources and strategic positions of the three cities, and in the recapture of everything north of the river it showed itself a fighting machine of a high order. The proof of this lies in its willingness to fight without any compelling conviction in the righteousness of its cause, while the rebels with all their enthusiasm became demoralized and retreated. But these operations, "if they had shown the strong points of the Chinese modern soldier, had also afforded a painful demonstration of his weaker side." The massacre which followed the recapture of Hanyang revealed, as in the similar case of the Japanese at Port Arthur in 1895, the common soldier still "lacking in the moral sense which goes with true humanitarian instincts and the higher forms of civilization. He has learned the mechanical side of his profession, but still has to learn the higher side, which only asks a fair fight and honors a vanquished enemy." Some reflections of this kind were made upon the moral fibre of the Japanese after their assault upon China, but another war proved that they could learn the other lesson of warfare, too. *Pace* the humanitarian, the main point just now is the question, Will the Chinese peasant fight to a finish? There is hope for China if her men of the future will fight for a better cause as resolutely as that one army fought for the decadent Manchus.

In his estimate of the leaders which the crisis has brought forward, Mr. Kent is commendably tolerant. It is clear that they cannot be fairly judged by the standards of an alien civilization, yet there are moral laws as generally recognized in Asia as in America, and it would be idle to deny our right to hold them up to judgment under these. It must be remembered that nearly all the actors in this drama are still alive and that the author has been long associated with many of them; also that the evidence in the case of a living man is never complete. The conduct of Yuan Shi-Kai is submitted to rigid but not unkindly scrutiny. He has been accused of opportunism and of playing false to his liege; but "the East is preeminently the land of opportunism and personal strife," and "he had neither reason nor desire to bolster up the Manchu Dynasty. What he was imbued with was a large and patriotic interest in the future of his country." We cannot stop here to examine the evidence, but his task was not that of a Cavour, and his decision to dethrone the Dynasty to save his country seems to have been an act of patriotism comparable to that of the Italian Minister. In the impeachment of Sheng, whose policy of railway concentration had aroused the strongest hos-

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tility, a personal enemy of the future President was disposed of before he could encounter his opposition. He was able and corrupt after the fashion of his old master, Li Hung-Chang; but while the author might easily have depicted his career in severer terms, he is content to say that "the circumstances of his end excited emotions which obscured his faults, while he himself exhibited a composure in misfortune which, as Macaulay wrote of a far greater but scarcely more scrupulous Englishman, 'has half redeemed his fame.'" The episode is told with considerable dramatic force.

As to Sun Yat-Sen's part in the events of 1911, Mr. Kent admits that he was the father of republican aspirations in China, but writes him down as "a theorist, with many of the characteristics of the visionary rather than the cast of mind of the practical politician." Sun's elevation to the post of Provisional President appears to have been a happy accident rather than a result of either his own efforts or those of any party behind him. Another character about whom some mystery hangs is Gen. Chang Chao-Tseng, famous in the early days of the rebellion as the Dictator of Lanchow, a reformer, yet not a republican. When he had, apparently, the Court at Peking in the hollow of his hand and was ready to dictate terms of surrender, his nerve suddenly failed upon hearing of the assassination of his comrade, Wu, and he sought protection rather ignominiously in the foreign concession in Tien-tsin. The rôle of T'ang Shao-Yi as Yuan's emissary in the peace conference of January at Shanghai comes in for no such condemnation here as in Mr. Bland's recent book, for it is an open secret now that T'ang's republican proclivities were known to his chief, and were among the causes that got him his appointment. With his unhappy and costly attempt to negotiate the Belgian loan in March, 1912, while the Provisional Government was committed to deal exclusively with the Six Powers, the author is justly severe; the only explanation for this palpable breach of faith is T'ang's nervous breakdown under a family affliction. In the aggregate it is a very human company we have to deal with in these pages.

These are only a few of the galaxy of men whose political acquaintance must be made by any one who tries to understand the work of reconstruction now developing in China. Mr. Kent's sympathy with them and his appreciation of the extraordinary difficulties in the task before them—coupled, of course, with his intimate acquaintance with their careers—render his book the most important contribution to an understanding of the political situation that has yet appeared. Taken as a whole, one is inclined to conclude that the nation's best hope for the immediate future lies in the quality of its guiding minds. The prospect of reasonable control through legislative action is less bright. With their acute instinct for discussion and criticism, the Chinese will be long in learning to proceed with a legislative programme and to abide by the results of a majority vote. There is no real coöperation as yet between the representatives of the North and South, nor is there a proper understanding in the provinces of the necessity of checks upon provincial interference or of the organization of an Audit Department at Peking if the country is to obtain foreign loans. In their collective capacity the members of the National Advisory Council have wasted time in dangerous intrigues, and thus far little constructive work has been accomplished. "For the most part," we are told, "side issues in preference to great principles have engrossed the members, who have obstructed the executive and denied assistance to the President in his enormously difficult task." Against these distracting elements and the impractical nature of the ideas now afloat must be set the habit of the people accustomed to look to a strong central Government and their willingness to accept a compromise when convinced that the attainment of all their designs is hopeless. It is possible in the growing confusion of conflicting aims that Yuan may be compelled to "undertake a Cromwellian rôle," but in the author's estimation "before this point is reached it is to be expected that the idea of the chief power of the state continuing to lie in effect with Yuan Shi-Kai, as it undoubtedly does at present, will be acquiesced in." It has the appearance of a contradiction in terms—a republic under a Dictator—but there is a great and honorable work of national education to be carried on before China is fit for representative rule. In such work a career is open for every man of patriotism and training, and even the Kwangtung hot-heads must pause before they precipitate another revolution for the sake of a theory in the face of the passive demands made by the needs of the mass of the population.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Combined Maze. By May Sinclair. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The life of a clerk who spent the best part of his young manhood expiating the marriage into which honesty and exuberant youth had betrayed him, might easily have assumed the guise of a dingy tragedy. Miss Sinclair has made of it an heroic idyl of London youth. For not in the stuffy home of his apothecary father, nor in his mahogany pen in the furniture-store counting-house, can she be rightly said to have "found" her hero, but at the exhibition performance of his gymnastic club, where she chose him for his radiant preëminence on the parallel bars—"John Randall Fulleymore Ransome, . . . leader in Section I of the London Polytechnic Gymnasium." This J. R. F. Ransome is an uncommonly likable chap. In spite of the engaging Cockney turns of his speech, he cannot be said to belong exclusively to London:

> In all cities there are many thousand Ransomes, more or less confined in mahogany cages, but John Randall Fulleymore stands for all of them. He is one of those who, in a cold twilight on a Saturday afternoon, stagger from the trampled field, hot-eyed under their wild hair, whose garments are stained from the torn grass and up-trodden earth, with here and there a rent and the white gleam of a shoulder or a thigh; whose vivid, virile odor has a tang of earth in it. He is the image and the type of these forlorn, foredoomed young athletes, these exponents of a city's desperate adolescence, these inarticulate enthusiasts of the earth. He bursts from his pen in the evening at seven or half past, he snatches somewhere a cup of cocoa and a sandwich, and at nine he is seen, half pagan in his "zephyr" and his "shorts," sprinting like mad through the main thoroughfares. In summer some pitch, more or less perfect, waits for him in suburban playing fields; and the River knows him, at Battersea, at Chelsea, at Hammersmith, and at Wandsworth, the River knows him as he is, the indomitable and impassioned worshipper of the body and of the earth.

And as all cities have their young Ransomes, armored in cleanly instincts against the insidious dangers that lie in wait for their youth, so in every city, among the host of workingwomen, appear the two feminine types, opposed and sharply contrasted, of Winny Dymond and Violet Usher—slips of virginal independence "accompanying themselves" in perfect security at all hours of the day and night, and soft Delilahs piercing the masculine heart with their need of protection against the terrors of the crowded streets. On every side we see them multiplied, these three, children for an ancient game, actors predestined to their parts in the world-old drama of sacred and profane love.

No two pieces of fiction could be further apart in their subject-matter than "The Combined Maze" and its immediate predecessor, "The Flaw in the Crystal," this treating of what is most intangible and elusive in human experience, and that concerning itself with the obvious circumstances of everyday middle-class life. They are alike, however, in the proof they offer of their author's advance in artistry, alike in significant simplicity, clearness of design, and in

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the magical propriety with which her rhythmic prose reflects an undercurrent of mystic meanings. There are times when this style seems in danger of becoming a curiosity. The pages look like prose, but many of them reveal in the reading something in the nature of a metrical chant.

With its favorite precursor, "The Divine Fire," the newer book has more in common. If we were to venture an observation or two without instituting a detailed comparison, we might remark that in her curiously feminine attitude towards her characters she has not changed at all. She still views them as a fond mother might, yearns over them with an excessive tenderness, watches them with tears in her eyes. This maternal emotionalism, except when her ecstasy takes a whimsical turn, is apt to provoke in the reader a defensive mood of critical reserve. Where she has changed is in a perceptible tightening of her hold upon reality. She has become more discriminating and less fastidious. To instance a single particular: When the genius of "The Divine Fire" was admitted to have dropped his "aitches," it was whispered with bated breath, and we all blushed together. In "The Combined Maze," without resorting to the redistribution of "aitches," she fairly revels in the niceties of middle-class speech, to the delight of the reader's ear and the tickling of his sense of humor.

The Candid Adventurer. By Anna Coleman Ladd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Ladd has come close to killing her hero with kindness, creating him not more a candid than a candied adventurer. Even when allowance is made for the fact that he is a painter, with a considerable talent in music, the demands of a "temperament" will scarcely account for this superabundance of the sweet and the precious. Though he is said to have the pulse to be sorely tempted by sin, the reader will feel that this is an attribute conceded to him by his earthly creator alone. Jerome Leigh has returned from study abroad to set up a studio in Cambridge. He occupies the stable of a place he has inherited, and rents the house to the rich Mrs. Osborne, a young Boston widow, whose excuse for residing in the college town is carefully explained. Thus hero and heroine are separated only by a hedge, and the courtship at once begins. This consists largely of the impulsive, often indiscreet, prattle of Jerome, who, though twenty-seven, is still a spoiled child. His indiscretions shock his Puritan acquaintances—so much the worse for Boston and Cambridge is clearly the author's inference—all except Mrs. Osborne, who recognizes his fineness and sincerity. Voyages to the other side twice separate the two, the second causing a misunderstanding which is only cleared up by the wisdom coming from the mouth of a little child. Mrs. Ladd evidently knows her Rome and Paris well.

POETIC MATERIALISM.

Winds of Doctrine. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

"The present age is a critical one and interesting to live in," writes Mr. Santayana; and in the book under review he gives us, in classic English, his impressions as an interested observer of the scene. His attitude is that of a cool and dispassionate looker-on amid the medley of warm philosophic controversies and intellectual tendencies, both technical and popular, which fill our age. But the fact that he preserves ever a kind of aloofness in his discussion does not imply that he has no theory of his own. His attitude is rather that of the conscious possessor of the truth who, with Puck, delights to note what fools these mortals be. Naturally and characteristically, he is not at all concerned to spread his truth abroad and make converts. Did all men understand the nature of reality as clearly as he, the rich variety of the human spectacle would be lost, and the unconcerned observer cheated of his intellectual enjoyment. Nevertheless, he makes no concealment as to what the true philosophy is, and those who wish may learn. It is, namely, materialistic naturalism, and from this pole star of truth all the winds of doctrine are to be judged.

The book is made up of six essays, entitled respectively: "The Intellectual Temper of Our Age," "Modernism and Christianity," "The Philosophy of M. Henri Bergson," "The Philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell," "Shelley; or The Poetic Value of Revolutionary Principles," and "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy." The essay on Bertrand Russell is clear and analytic, sympathetic and just, but also rather scattering—a collection of ruminations on various themes. The essay on Bergson, though less sympathetic, is better done and much more important. Naturally, Bergson stands, in the eyes of our author, as the type of most things that are false in our foolish world. In a series of brilliant pages Bergson's fallacies stand revealed. Notable among these is his identification of a kind of literary psychology with metaphysics, and the resulting attribution of what is true of his own consciousness to the universe at large. This latent subjectivism, according to our author, is at the bottom of most of Bergson's fallacies, and explains the self-deception of the whole Bergsonian school when they flatter themselves that they have avoided the difficulties of idealism. "Matter and mind, for these transcendentalists posing as realists, merge and flow so easily together only because both are images or groups of images in an original mind presupposed but never honestly posited." But it is, of course, Bergson's vitalism and his attack upon the application of materialistic science to life that seems to Santayana particularly mad. "If divination and eloquence—for science is out of the question—were to invoke nothing but a fluid tendency to grow, we should be left with a flat history of phenomena and no means of prediction or even classification. All knowledge would be reduced to gossip, infinitely diffuse, perhaps enlisting our dramatic feelings, but yielding no intellectual mastery of experience, no practical competence, no moral lesson. The world would be a serial novel, to be continued forever, and all men mere novel readers."

In fact, when dealing with the follies of M. Bergson, our author at times loses his usual philosophic calm and allows his cleverness to run away with his pen, as in the following witty and peculiarly unworthy thrust:

> M. Bergson would have us believe that mankind is what nature has set her heart on, and the best she can do, for whose sake she has long been making very special efforts. We are fortunate that at least her darling is all mankind and not merely Israel.

The three essays on "The Intellectual Temper of the Age," "Modernism and Christianity," and "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy" are less technical than the others and concern themselves with broad philosophical tendencies rather than with particular doctrines. The Modernist movement is regarded as one of the many anomalies of the times, and the Modernist is shown to be quite out of place, not only within the Catholic Church, but anywhere inside Christianity. For Christianity, in Santayana's opinion, means a certain ancient theory about supernatural intervention, with the practical corollary of fleeing from the world as the first duty of man. "Modernism is, accordingly, an ambiguous and unstable thing. It is the love of all Christianity in those who perceive that it is all a fable. It is the historic attachment to his church of a Catholic who has discovered that he is a pagan." And if Christianity is, indeed, no more than what Santayana thinks it, he is, of course, amply justified in his view of Modernism.

The intellectual temper of our age suits our author about as ill as does the genteel tradition in American philosophy. The latter, in fact, is only a part of the former. The genteel tradition in question is a combination of Calvinism and transcendentalism, and

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we Americans have been keeping up the show of believing in both, while in reality we believe in neither. This contradiction between our official philosophy and our actual belief is another example of the many anomalies of the age. Still others that may be mentioned are our enthusiasm over nationality combined with our socialistic and levelling tendencies; the silly freaks of contemporary art; our modern craze for antiquity, and our cultured worship of vitality. "Having no stomach for the ultimate, they (our contemporaries) burrow downwards toward the primitive. But the longing to be primitive is a disease of culture; it is archaism in morals. To be so preoccupied with vitality is a symptom of anæmia." Closely connected with this is the glorification of irrationalism and the philosophical belittling of the intellect:

> Human intelligence is certainly a product, and a late and highly organized product, of evolution; it ought apparently to be as much admired as the eyes of molluscs and the antennæ of ants. And if life is better the more intense and concentrated it is, intelligence would seem to be the best form of life. But the degree of intelligence which this age possesses makes it so very uncomfortable that, in this instance, it asks for something less vital, and sighs for what evolution has left behind. . . . .
>
> Anomalies of this sort will never be properly understood until people accustom themselves to a theory to which they have always turned a deaf ear, because, though simple and true, it is materialistic; namely that mind is not the cause of our actions but an effect, collateral with our actions, of bodily growth and organization. It may therefore easily come about that the thoughts of men, tested by the principles that seem to rule their conduct, may be belated, or irrelevant, or premonitory; for the living organism has many strata, on any of which, at a given moment, activities may exist perfect enough to involve consciousness, yet too weak and isolated to control the organs of outer expression; so that (to speak geologically) our practice may be historic, our manners glacial, and our religion palæozoic.

Certainly, there could hardly be a finer example of the modern tendency to "burrow downwards toward the primitive" than is Dr. Santayana's espousal of the materialistic philosophy. Its beautiful simplicity has been admired ever since Thales made the suggestion that not mind but water was the cause of all things. The Lucretian formula resolves us of all mysteries. Thought, aspiration, insight, the minutest variations in the life of the spirit, are, as Dr. Santayana will assure us, "perfectly explicable scientifically." Thus "the movement of consciousness will be self-congruous and sustained when it rests on continuous processes in the same tissues," etc. etc. Doubtless, it would be old-fashioned to intimate that this brilliant book is itself a refutation of the doctrine it teaches. But if all the wit and subtlety which one finds here are really the mere product of "continuous processes" in the brain, one is at least forced to conclude that Dr. Santayana must have very remarkable "tissues." And it might be set down as one of the anomalies of the age that so brilliant a defence of reason against the irrationalism and emotionalism of our contemporaries should itself be fundamentally a glorification, not of the brute, but of the inorganic.

A Keeper of Royal Secrets: Being the Private and Political Life of Madame de Genlis. By Jean Harmand. With a Preface by Emile Faguet. New York: Brentano's. $3.75 net.

In this book of upwards of four hundred pages the life is told of a remarkable woman who was conspicuous in the social, political, and literary life of the stormy years of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. She was one whose name was well known by everybody, by people of all classes; whose talents were recognized by her bitterest enemies, and they were many; whose hand was seen in political intrigues involving persons of the highest rank; whose books were widely read, and whose memoirs, written late in life, fill several volumes and aroused harsh criticism. But this singular person, always before the public of her day, has been forgotten until, as M. Faguet says in the Preface, "Mme. de Genlis has come to be only a name remembered with a smile, inasmuch as it evokes the idea of the most tedious author of a very tedious epoch; and for some the idea of a political *intrigante* of somewhat easy morals, who, in the witty phrase of another woman, 'made precepts of the virtues and practice of the vices.'" M. Harmand's book has for its aim to tell the truth about Mme. de Genlis and in a way to rehabilitate her.

Stéphanie-Félicité du Crest, whom we know as Mme. de Genlis, was born January 26, 1746, and died December 31, 1830. Her father, Pierre-César du Crest, was a member of one of the oldest families of the aristocracy of France. Her mother, a member of the family of Chaussins, was also of the nobility, though of less ancient lineage than the du Crests. Her early life was spent in the country on a family estate, for the du Crest family, though of the high nobility, was too poor to enter the life of Paris and Versailles. In a chapter upon her education the author shows how neglected were she and all other children of her kind. The catechism, a little writing and reading, that is about all. If Mme. de Genlis became one of the best educated women in France it was due solely to her own ambitious and indomitable spirit. As she grew to womanhood she made much use of her musical talent in her social advancement. In 1763 she married the Comte de Genlis, and a little later went to Paris and entered upon her first period of real brilliance. Here she first met Rousseau, whose ideas of life and especially of education had a powerful influence upon her future. Here she met the "Philosophers," most of whom she learned to detest, a feeling that increased with age.

And in Paris began her acquaintance with the family of the Duke of Orleans, which was to become an intimate relationship later, when she was appointed *gouvernante*, or tutor, to the children of the Duke de Chartres, who became Duke of Orleans at the death of his father. She finally supplanted the wife of this Duke in his affections and became his adviser in private and public affairs, so that she was often called by her enemies "the Maintenon of Orleans." Perhaps this did not displease her. In 1777 she withdrew from the circle in the Palais Royal and for the next fifteen years lived in the convent of Bellechasse near by, where she directed the education of the Orleans family. Though apparently in retirement, she was most active in politics and literature, advising the weak Orleans in the stormy years after the meeting of the States-General in 1789, writing essays, novels, educational and philosophical treatises, and realizing the fact that she was a celebrated woman. The chapters that treat of this period of her life are the most interesting of all; they give us an insight into the relations of the Orleans family to the Revolution not to be had in any of the formal histories.

As the time of the Terror approached Mme. de Genlis was obliged to separate from the royal family, much to her and their regret. The Duchess of Orleans also began to protest at last, and demanded her dismissal. Thenceforth for some years Mme. de Genlis wandered about in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England, making a poor living by her writings. She returned to Paris after the danger was past, after the Duke of Orleans, the Comte de Genlis, and a multitude of her old friends and enemies had lost their lives on the scaffold, and a new social and political régime had begun. In later years, like Mme. du Deffand, whom she had known in her youth, and Mme. Récamier, a contemporary, she took rooms in a convent in Paris. There she busied herself in writing her memoirs and in rewriting old pamphlets and romances and in meeting her friends. A vivid picture of her old age is given in one of the final chapters:

> Those who were good at gossip, including old Mme. de la Reynière, still in vigorous health and always hostile to Mme. de Genlis, said that she had gone there to end her days in monastic observances, "disappointed with the vanities of the world and

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the false hope of celebrity." But if we are to credit Lady Morgan, Mme. de Genlis's room still blossomed strangely with the perfumes of the world. "Her apartment might pass for the oratory of a saint or for the boudoir of a coquette." The English woman thought she was in some region of romance. She mistook, it seems, for a "beautiful bedstead in the Greek style" the commonest of bedsteads in mahogany veneer, and for the "draperies of blue silk" an old bed quilt. But, after all, the beautiful gilded harp, always kept in tune, the alabaster vases, the fresh flowers everywhere, the piano heaped with new music, seemed elegant trifles beside the great crucifix of ivory that Pius VII had asked to see during his forced stay in Paris, and the chaplets and rosaries hanging on the walls, one of which was regarded as a precious relic because a few days before his death Fénelon had held it in his hands as he prayed.

In three chapters that form Part vi of his book, the author discusses, always in clear and interesting fashion, Mme. de Genlis as a moralist, as a dramatist, and as an educationalist. In her writings she is always moralizing, no matter what the subject may be. Her own life was that of her period, and most strangely inconsistent with her views and teachings. "The real Mme. de Genlis," in the opinion of M. Harmand, "stands somewhere between the blameless prodigy of virtue and the unscrupulous adventuress that were depicted by extremists." Several excellent portraits and a complete list of the writings of Mme. de Genlis add to the value of the book, but an index, much to be desired, is wanting.

Notes

Forthcoming books in Macmillan's list include: "A Prisoner in Fairyland," by Algernon Blackwood; "The Heart of Gaspé," by John M. Clarke; "The Country Church," by Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot; "The Church and the Labor Conflict," by Parley Paul Womer, and "The Influence of Monarchs," by Frederick Adams Woods.

Two books will soon be added by Longmans, Green & Co. to the American Citizen series edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. They are "Organized Democracy, an Introduction to the Study of American Politics," by Frederick A. Cleveland, and "Public Opinion and Popular Government," by A. Lawrence Lowell.

Lippincott brings out this week "The House of Thane," a new novel by Elizabeth Dejeans.

The next issue in the Scott Library (Walter Scott Publishing Co.) will be Newman's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," in two volumes. It will include the controversy in letters with Kingsley.

Henry James Forman will publish in the autumn, with McBride, Nast & Co., "London, an Intimate Picture."

Among the books which Putnams are bringing out this week is "Ellen Key, her Life and her Work, a Critical Study," by Louise Nystrom Hamilton, translated by Anna E. B. Fries.

The following are among the books announced for publication next autumn by the Yale University Press: "Life and Letters of Nathan Smith," edited by Emily A. Smith; "Earth Hunger and Other Essays," by the late William Graham Sumner; "Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth, and Province," by Edward Page; "The Ethics of Public Service," by Henry Crosby Emery; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, revised with additions by William H. Price, and "Lectures," by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

A selection of the "Poems by William Allingham" has been made by Helen Allingham for Macmillan's Golden Treasury series—an addition that will be welcome to those who have enjoyed the "Adieu to Belashanny" and the other Irish Songs.

The Macmillan Standard Library, a new series of reprints, at fifty cents the volume, will include a large number of the books of this house for which there continues to be a steady demand. Fiction is issued in red cloth binding, non-fiction in navy blue. Of the former we have received "A Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen; "Kings in Exile," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "A Dark Lantern," by Elizabeth Robins; "Mr. Ingleside," by E. V. Lucas; "The Colonel's Story," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, and "Elizabeth and her German Garden."—Miscellaneous: "The Church and the Changing Order," by Shailer Mathews; "How to Keep Hens for Profit," by C. S. Valentine; "How to Help, a Manual of Practical Charity," by Mary Conyngton; "The Building of the Church," by Charles E. Jefferson; "Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood, and "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells.

James Sandy Rose, a Frenchman despite his English name, is found dead in his Paris apartment, with a woman's gown in the chamber, which leads to a suspicion of murder; but an unfinished MS. left by the man tells the true story. This forms the substance of Rémy de Gourmont's "Une Nuit au Luxembourg," which has been translated by Arthur Ransome as "A Night in the Luxembourg" and published by John W. Luce & Co. M. Rose, it appears, has been for a night the companion of a strange being who in one of his avatars was Jesus Christ, and who now deigns to talk hours of philosophy and religion with his human comrade while walking in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The outcome of it all is astonishingly simple — an Epicureanism which denounces every moral restraint and seeks the intensest pleasure of the moment. Meanwhile the divine person, who mocks at men's notion of Christianity, is accompanied by three marvellously beautiful nymphs, one of whom falls to the enjoyment of M. Rose. We are left to suppose that it is her robe which is discovered in his apartment, and we may explain her presence, as goddess or very woman, according to our fancy. M. Rose begins his record with these proper words: "I am certainly drunk, yet my lucidity is very great. Drunk with love, drunk with pride, drunk with divinity. . . ." It used to be held that a man drunk with love and pride was under some other sway than that of divinity; but we pass that. The words are a fair enough description of the book. That M. de Gourmont is an accomplished writer no one need be told; that his present dialogue contains many curious bits of imagination and speculation may be supposed; but to take this composite of eroticism and pseudo-mysticism, this belated relic of the most putrid moment of French decadence, as a piece of serious philosophy, as Mr. Ransome takes it, is really grotesque. Mr. Ransome, we must say in justice, has done remarkably well in transferring the tone and gait of the original to his English rendering. He adds an appendix which contains a portentously serious appreciation of M. de Gourmont as poet, critic, and philosopher.

Each new volume of the Highways and Byways series (Macmillan) brings an increase of admiration for the skill and uniformity of style which mark the work of the various authors. The latest volume, "In Somerset," by Edward Hutton, is no exception to the rule. The author has a county filled with both quiet charm and romance. Here is Wells, the very *ocellus* of cathedrals and cathedral towns; here is Bath, in which, more than anywhere else in England, the style and spirit of the eighteenth century seem to linger in visible form; Glastonbury, hoary with tradition; Sedgemoor, in whose swamps and mists was fought the last melancholy battle on English soil; the Quantocks, associated in the minds of all lovers of poetry with Coleridge and the Wordsworths; and a score of other places, such as Exmoor, more or less familiar for some charm of beauty or wildness. Mr. Hutton knows the romantic aspects of the county and makes no sparing use of them. Thus of the Mendips:

> For Mendip holds the secrets of men and civilizations older far than Rome, and, here alone, more enduring. Maesbury Camp, the lonely and forbidding Barrows upon Blackdown, weigh upon one as nothing that Rome has abandoned here is able to do; they seem to speak to one of a life that is so old it is an agony to think of it, and they threaten us with their enormous wisdom: the vast labor which has ended only in a few gigantic heaps of barren earth. For upon the Mendips, as upon no other mountains in the world, perhaps because few are so old as they, man and his efforts fade into nothing; their futility is exposed by the emptiness of space and the passing of time.

This vein is a bit overworked by Mr. Hutton, if truth be told; and he might also have spared his readers the insistence on the fact that he belongs to the pre-Reformation faith. But in general the book is an interesting and veracious account of Somerset. The illustrations are from drawings by Nelly Erichsen, and are admirably adapted to the text.

We have gone far, and some may add fared worse, since the days when "Cavendish on Whist" was the classic and almost the only authority for the scientific card-player. If Bridge produced its thousands, Auction bids fair to outdo it with its tens of thousands of expositors, till the ordinary player who regards the game as a recreation and has acquired his knowledge by the experimental method, faced with this mass of literature, is fain to marvel at his own brilliance in being able to play at all. The various treatises on the game do not as a rule differ materially one from another either in the methods advocated or in the

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manner of arrangement. Auction is becoming standardized, and soon there will be little left to say about it. E. V. Shepard, in "Scientific Auction Bridge" (Harper), strikes out a new line in assuming on the part of some of his readers ignorance of either Whist or Bridge, and his arrangement of chapters in sub-headings of Chief Essentials and Details makes for clarity. Another feature of the book is that its recommendations are based on "mathematical probabilities."

This statement, by a natural process of thought, brings us to Milton C. Work's "Auction Bridge of To-day" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Work, since the publication of this book, has distinguished himself by inventing a series of conventions to be applied to the Spade declaration that are calculated to make of Auction not only a "mathematical probability," but a positive certainty. We have not space to enter into a detailed consideration of Mr. Work's proposals, which have set the whole Auction world agog, but briefly his system implies a code of conventions in the Spade declaration which would inform the partner as clearly as would a prearranged signal concerning the nature of the declarer's hand. The objections to such conventions are obvious, and, we think, insuperable. For the ordinary player their observance would demand a printed record to refresh his memory, and Auction would be choked, as Whist was before it, by the piling up of purely arbitrary conventions. In Mr. Work's book we find only the germ of this later development in what he has to say about the "three-spade bid." For the rest "Auction of To-day" is to be commended as a clear and logical exposition of the principles of the game.

Florence Irwin's "The Development of Auction Bridge under the New Count" (Putnam), a considerable portion of which has appeared in separate articles in the New York *Times*, makes no radical departure from established precedent, although there are certain conclusions to which some experts would take exception. It is intended for the player with at least a rudimentary knowledge of the game, and its distinguishing feature is the number of hands that are reproduced illustrating the various points that the author makes.

The "Lectures on Legal History and Miscellaneous Legal Essays" (Harvard University Press), by James Barr Ames, is undoubtedly the choicest product of American legal scholarship. Dean Ames was a searching and accurate student of legal history. He explored its very sources. It was his practice as a young man, we are told, to take the Year Books to his summer home for careful study and comment. He knew their contents even more thoroughly than those of the current law reports. His intimacy with Glanville, Bracton, and Fleta was as close as with the standard treatises of modern times. And yet, extensive and varied as was his legal learning, he was always its master and not its victim. It was not accumulated merely—it was assimilated. Learned in the law as he was, his great reputation with his students and colleagues, as well as with his readers, rests not so much upon his erudition as upon his genius for discovering the reasons underlying accepted legal rules, and his rare power of generalization from "a wilderness of single instances." His own valuation of these traits is shown in the following extract from an address on "The Vocation of the Law Professor":

> If the professor renounces the joy of the arena, and the intellectual and moral glow of triumphant vindication of the right in the actual drama of life, he has the zest of the hunter in the pursuit of legal doctrines to their source; he has the delight, the highest of purely intellectual delights, which comes, when, after many vigils, some generalization, illuminating and simplifying the law, first flashes through his brain.

Most of the material in Mr. Ames's volume has been reprinted from various legal periodicals, although some parts of the lectures on legal history appear now for the first time. Not a few of the essays have attained the rank of legal classics. But every serious student of our law will rejoice in having these widely scattered writings brought together in a single volume, and thus made easily accessible. In this form they ought to be read more widely and to exercise even a greater influence over legal thought than heretofore.

Adelaide Mack writes in a crisp, racy style of "Magnetic Paris" (Bobbs-Merrill), and, with the admirable coöperation of the illustrators, is successful in conveying to the reader something of the peculiar zest that those who love their Paris always associate with the city. The author, with an unaccustomed wisdom for which we are grateful, has realized that excellent descriptions of monuments are to be found in trustworthy guide-books, and confines herself entirely to the human, and therefore the most interesting, side of Paris. It is the gay city that she loves most to describe, the life of the Boulevards, of Montmartre, and of the Quartier. At times perhaps her enthusiasm runs away with her, as when she seems to be looking at the present rather effete bohemianism of the Quartier through the glasses of Du Maurier. Her frankness, too, is sometimes a little self-consciously emancipated, and she has a tendency to argue from the particular to the general. We should, for instance, accept with some reserve her statement that it is "often" the French mother who arranges the first irregular *ménage* for her son in the interests of his general well-being. Nor are French people uniformly quite so suavely dishonest as this writer would have us believe; but we must make allowances for poetic exaggeration and admit frankly that this is about the only thing of which the Parisian *concierge* cannot take advantage. One obvious injustice to the intelligence of the Parisians is when the author tells us that they "revel" in the banalities of the two Montmartre resorts "Heaven" and "Hell." The fact is that if these abominations depended on domestic patronage for their support they would starve. They are kept going principally by foreign tourists, for the most part English and American, who attend them with a vague and quite mistaken notion that they are participating in the naughty night life of Paris. Such passages as we have mentioned, however, are insignificant blemishes in a book that is on the whole bright and entertaining.

During the past year, Prof. Giovanni Luzzi, of the Waldensian Theological Seminary, in Florence, has been giving a series of lectures in various universities and seminaries in this country. These lectures he has now put together, with some additions, and published under the title "The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy" (Revell). Dr. Luzzi is an ardent Protestant, and his references to the Catholic Church have a ring that reminds one of the Scotch Covenanters; and it is, of course, from this point of view that he writes history. The two short chapters embracing the history of Christianity from the earliest times to the end of the Protestant Reformation naturally have little to tell that is not common knowledge, and were evidently written to make the book formally complete. Two other chapters, moreover, on recent developments of Protestantism in Italy are too detailed to be of much interest to the general reader. On the other hand, chapter iii, The Dramatic History of the Bible in Italy, contains much that will be new and interesting to most American readers, while chapter iv, on the Waldensian Church, "the Israel of the Alps," contains a story of persecution, courage, endurance, and faith that will speak to every human heart, whether American or Italian, Protestant or Catholic. The final chapter, on Modernism, is significant chiefly for the light it throws on the Waldensian attitude towards the new movement. Modernists, it seems, are of two kinds: those whom Dr. Luzzi likes and those whom he likes not. The former are represented by the now famous pamphlet, "Il Programma dei Modernisti," whose views on Higher Criticism and germane subjects are apparently as unacceptable to the Waldensians as to Pius X. This "hypercritical and destructive movement," Dr. Luzzi tells us, has been largely given up and is now "almost forgotten." The proper sort of Modernism is, of course, constituted by those members of the Catholic Church who have retained their evangelical belief and who would reform Rome by remodelling it on the Protestant pattern.

Mason W. Tyler's "Recollections of the Civil War" (Putnam), edited by his son, William S. Tyler, is one of those records of honorable but not notable service which appeal to family or local interest, but which contain little of significance for the historian. The author, a son of William Seymour Tyler, for more than sixty years professor of Greek at Amherst, served in the Union army during the last three years of the war, and participated in a number of important battles from Gettysburg to Petersburg; but his personal share in them was not exceptional, and he does not appear to have undergone any unusual experiences. The story has been developed, however, by use of the "Official Records" and other sources, into a not uninforming general narrative of the war.

Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft publishes a revised edition of his "New Pacific," a book first issued in 1899 (New York: The Bancroft Co.). The author's equipment for such a task, the description of the vast area now fully thrown open to the advanced races, and the entrance of the United States upon the field, no one will question. He had a long and successful business career in San Francisco, has sojourned for protracted periods in foreign Pacific lands, and found time to collect and systematize in his famous library much

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of the history of the subject. His limitations as an historian are well known; he shows a tendency to eccentric and over-confident judgments, and too great vehemence both as regards what he likes and dislikes. The "anti-expansionist" reads his pages with small approval. As to the present issue, the kaleidoscope has turned many times since 1899, and Mr. Bancroft has not caught in his revision all the changes. A book which contains no mention of Yuan Shi-Kai, Sun Yat-Sen, and the Chinese Republic, and which does not record the collapse of Diaz and the anarchy in Mexico, is hardly up to the date 1913. Nevertheless, the book is packed with information, vigorous and honest, and will be found stimulating even when one dissents.

The death at seventy-four is reported of Sir Robert Kennaway Douglas, the well-known writer on Chinese subjects, and for some time professor at King's College, London. He had a chance for first-hand observation while for some years in the Chinese consular service, and later took charge of the Chinese Library in the British Museum, as well as of Oriental printed books and MSS. Among his published works are "The Language and Literature of China" and "Europe and the Far East."

Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate since 1896, died at his home in Kent, England, on Monday. He was born at Headingley, near Leeds, May 30, 1835, the second son of a merchant and magistrate of that borough; his mother was the sister of Joseph Locke, civil engineer and member of Parliament. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was sent to Stonyhurst College, and afterwards to St. Mary's College, Oscott. He took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and in 1857 he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. But he studied law in deference only to the wishes of his parents, his main interest being in literature. At the age of eighteen he published a poem entitled "Randolph," and he completed his first novel also while a minor. His first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Seasons: A Satire," appeared in 1861. His other productions in verse are: "The Human Tragedy," 1862, republished in an amended form in 1876 and finally revised in 1889; "The Golden Age: A Satire," 1871; "Interludes," 1872; "Rome or Death!" 1873; "Madonna's Child," 1873; "The Tower of Babel," a drama, 1874; "Leszko, the Bastard: A Tale of Polish Grief," 1877; "Savonarola," a tragedy, 1881; "Soliloquies in Song," "At the Gate of the Convent," "Love's Widowhood and Other Poems," "Prince Lucifer," and "English Lyrics," all published between 1881 and 1890. He wrote three novels, "Five Years of It," 1858; "An Artist's Proof," 1864, and "Won by a Head," 1866, as well as "The Poetry of the Period," reprinted from *Temple Bar*, 1870, and "A Vindication of Lord Byron," 1869, in reply to Mrs. Stowe's article, "The True Story of Lord Byron's Life." He was a constant contributor of editorial and other matter to the London *Standard* and also wrote frequently for the *Quarterly Review*. During the sittings of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican he represented the *Standard* at Rome, and he was a special correspondent of that journal at the headquarters of the King of Prussia in the Franco-German War. His political writings include "Russia Before Europe," 1876; "Tory Horrors," 1876, a reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Bulgarian Horrors," and "England's Policy and Peril," a letter to the Earl of Beaconsfield, 1877. In 1883, in conjunction with W. J. Courthope, he founded the *National Review*, and continued to edit that periodical till the summer of 1893. In 1892 Macmillan & Company issued a collected edition of his poems in six volumes, since which time they have published "Fortunatus the Pessimist," "England's Darling and Other Poems," and a prose work entitled "The Garden That I Love." Among his latest productions were "The Bridling of Pegasus" and his autobiography. For an extended appreciation of Alfred Austin's literary achievement we refer our readers to the issue of the *Nation* for October 19, 1911.

We have to report the death of Giustino L. Ferri, who, after writing over a pseudonym, gained open recognition by his novel, perhaps his best, "La Camminante." He was also a critic of some note.

Science

A History of Nursing: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with Special Reference to the Work of the Past Thirty Years. Edited, and in part written, by Lavinia L. Dock, R.N. In four volumes: Vols. III and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

These handsome books form the conclusion of a work begun some years ago by M. A. Nutting and L. L. Dock. The first two volumes, with a different secondary title indicative of the period covered, appeared in the latter part of 1907 and were noticed in these columns. Time has brought a marked change in the preparation of the work. Miss Nutting, having taken up the active duties of instruction at Teachers College in New York city, no longer appears as an editor, although she is said to have aided much as an adviser. Miss Dock herself seems to have written several of the chapters—there are ten of them in all—and to have revised with much freedom the material furnished by many contributors for the rest of the history.

As the work stands, we have confessedly only an outline, and in many parts a very slender outline. Large regions of the world are not even mentioned. Africa has six pages, and Russia does not appear in the index, although Finland occupies a dozen pages; possibly a delicate recognition of political distinctions. The whole American continent south of the Rio Grande is also lacking, except for eighteen pages about Cuba and a bare half-page given to Porto Rico. From the point of view of the book there is no nursing in all these vast territories, and consequently no history. The index is arranged mostly by countries and only in part by topics and persons, with many gaps and inconsistencies which make it rather hard to use. There is a brief bibliography of more than a hundred titles in half-a-dozen languages, agreeably free from typographical blunders, and intended to cover only books bearing pretty directly upon the propaganda and history or the general questions of the education of nurses, rather than upon the art of nursing. The text is illuminated by more than fifty portraits of nurses, including many striking personalities, and there are some twenty more pictures showing groups of nurses or illustrating their work in various parts of the world. That the books are well made goes almost without saying.

These pictures suggest, and the text often confirms the impression, that we are here dealing with a history of nurses rather than a history of nursing. The most careful reader, otherwise unfamiliar with the movement, will have difficulty in getting any clear notion of just what the progress in nursing has been. When it comes to understanding what is meant by various outgrowths, such as district nursing, social service, and so on, there is a regrettable absence of precise explanation of what has been done, not to speak of what it is thought desirable to do, which, of course, has not yet become history. We find many generalities, much enthusiasm and devotion, a markedly feminine lack of perspective and proportion, along with strong individualistic tendencies, but feel a striking lack of clear-cut statements of accomplishment and purpose. In a survey of this kind it is, of course, difficult to bring out a comprehensive view of aims and deeds, but the cause (or should we say the Cause?) would be helped by an effort to do this. We expressed a similar regret in noticing the first part of this work, some five years ago. We may be obtuse, but as we read these newer volumes we seem again to meet everywhere a spirit of unrest, a state of fidgets, together with an unwillingness, it surely cannot be incapacity, to recognize that some at least of the opposition to present tendencies in nursing may have a sound sense of conservatism and good judgment, masculine though it be, behind it. Perhaps, after all, we should remember that we are really dealing with one aspect of a universal feministic movement, and that a whole sex breaking away from certain long established limitations is finding itself, or at least thinks it is. If we take this attitude, then all questions as to the relation of nurses and nursing to doctors and medicine, and as to the service needed by the sick in contradistinction to the intelligent aid needed by the general public, may seem to be of secondary importance.

Let us not be misunderstood. We write these things, as we have written before, not in any unfriendly mood, but

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with apprehension. The prime purpose of nursing is the care of the sick, and in this work there can be no question that the nurse must be subordinate to the doctor. We may make phrases and talk of coöperation as prettily as we please, but the fact remains that one must lead. The modern nurse is with us, apparently, to stay; she is a most valuable aid; she is, however, a problem of which the solution is not yet at hand, not even in these volumes. As this movement came up there were eager enthusiastic champions among the medical men, but there were also many doctors who felt that a very serious danger was before the profession. These men were not all the short-sighted, hard-hearted, narrow-minded old fogies that Miss Dock and her *consœurs* would have us believe. Early, too, dominant spirits showed themselves, and it was evident that these and their like would be satisfied with nothing short of independent leadership. The movement has gone on and is extending indefinitely. It has made, and always will make, a strong appeal to women as coming closer to them than any other form of public service. Of the male nurse we hear virtually nothing, although he exists. Now, as the "nurse" broadens the field of her endeavor, taking in all forms of supervision of certain parts of private and industrial life, not only is it hard to place the limit, but it also grows more and more evident that her relation to the doctor must become less intimate as she becomes more and more a social worker. Must not the outcome be, either that the nurses will break up into independent groups of workers of which only one or two will remain in close touch with the doctor, or that the whole group will become an independent unit and form a sort of medical guild, taking up a not inconsiderable though subsidiary part of the practice of medicine? We shall then have a condition of things in medicine somewhat analogous to that of earlier times, the overcoming of which has always been regarded as a large step forward, but with this difference: that the distinction of activity will be based on sex. We have no doubt that the men will still be quite able to hold their own; women in medicine having as yet done nothing to justify the contrary opinion; but such a return to old conditions would be a matter of deep regret. A shadow like this seems to move through the pages of this History of Nursing. Were it only a ghost with no substance behind it!

The Yale University Press will publish in the autumn: A "Life of Samuel W. Johnson," formerly professor of chemistry at Yale, the book being made up very largely of Mr. Johnson's correspondence, and edited by Elizabeth A. Osborne; and "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by Sir William Osler.

None of the smaller animal forms is more universally feared than is the spider, and thus, in spite of its marvellous instincts and interesting habits, it is usually neglected, even by the nature student. For these reasons, the publication of "The Life of the Spider" (Dodd, Mead), an English translation of Fabre's scattered writings on this group, is especially welcome. It is needless to enter into a detailed review of the seventeen essays which have been selected. We find discussed the reputed venomous nature of spiders, and, though the author's general conclusion is that "however immediate in its effects upon the insect entangled in the fatal web, the spider's poison is not serious for us and causes less inconvenience than a gnat-bite," yet he shows ample reasons for fearing certain rare species. The tunnel-building and the habits of the running spiders, the peculiar ballooning habits by which the dispersal of the young of various species is brought about, and, most fully of all, the web-building and the domestic life of our commonest garden spiders, constitute the main subject matter of the collection. The essays have a wealth of interesting observations, and are characterized by the same vivacity and charm which pervade the more strictly entomological writings of this poet-naturalist of France. The translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, has already done a real service to English readers by his excellent renderings of a series of Fabre's insect essays, under the title of "The Life and Love of an Insect." In the book before us, as in the earlier volume, he has been particularly fortunate in preserving much of the charm of the original. His few footnotes, explanatory of technical terms, will be of aid to the general reader, though we must dissent from the statement (p. 74), that the cicada is "an insect akin to the grasshopper." As a preface to the collection there is reprinted the enthusiastic appreciation by Maurice Maeterlinck which, under the caption "The Insect's Homer," appeared two years ago in the *Forum*.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has published in book form a large number of the "Educational Bird Leaflets" which have been issued for several years for use in schools. Seventy-six species of birds are described with forty-six colored plates of great beauty. Eminently useful suggestions are made as to the economic value of many of our birds and the best methods for their preservation. The principal contributors are Mr. William Dutcher, president of the Association, and the well-known author, Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, whose descriptions are often charming.

In his "Outlines of the History of Psychology" (Macmillan), Prof. Max Dessoir, of the University of Berlin, gives us a sketch of what appears to him to have been the important steps in the development of the science from the earliest times to our day, although he makes no attempt to deal at all adequately with the work of the men of our own generation. The volume will prove to be a useful addition to the library of the psychologist who has no taste or opportunity to study the texts of those writers whose thought has historical significance, rather than vital interest at the present time. The book bears a close relation to the author's "Geschichte der neueren deutschen Psychologie," although it is in no sense an abridgment of that work. The translation is made by Donald Fisher under the authorization of Professor Dessoir.

We greeted a few years ago the appearance of Otto Keller's monumental work, "Die Antike Tierwelt" (Leipzig: Engelmann). The second volume, which has just been issued, exhibits the same commendable qualities as the first. That treated of mammals; this of birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects. The work is of the first importance for both zoölogists and students of the classics. The author gives for every animal its ancient names, its characteristics as described by ancient writers, representations of it in art, and allusions to it in literature. The general reader will, therefore, find much that is highly entertaining. Beasts, like the tortoise, the snake, and the frog, soon take one from zoology to poetry or religion. The illustrations are well selected and reproduced; especially admirable is a color photograph of a famous mosaic at Naples. The book will long remain the standard work on the subject.

"Thick-Lens Optics" (Van Nostrand), by Arthur Latham Baker, is designed to give a working knowledge of such lenses as are used in cameras, microscopes, and telescopes. The author limits himself to a discussion of finding the focal lengths of such lenses, and does not attempt the more intricate problems connected with aberrations. There are so many who desire to have a knowledge of lenses that the book should prove to be useful. The analysis is limited to simple trigonometry, and graphical solutions are much relied on.

Edward L. Bates and Frederick Charlesworth have prepared two textbooks in mathematics for students in technical and trade schools which are published in this country by D. Van Nostrand Co. One of them, "Practical Geometry and Graphics," treats of geometrical methods from Euclidean geometry to Cartesian and descriptive geometry, and the other, "Practical Mathematics," is a consecutive course in algebra, trigonometry, and calculus. These two books remind one of Rankine's "Mechanics" as regards the close and brief analysis, and of their kind they are excellent. A student who worked through them carefully would be in a different class from those who are accustomed to the milk-and-water mathematics so usual in this country.

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, is dead in London, at the age of seventy-nine. Although an expert in finance, having served on the International Coinage Commission, and introduced banking reforms in England, he won greater fame in science, in which field he wrote many books. In 1865 he published "Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," which went through several editions. This was followed by "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man," and by "Marriage, Totemism, and Religion." He also wrote special treatises on plants and insects. His most popular works deal with humanistic topics, such as "The Pleasures of Life," of which some 259,000 were sold. Other books

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relate to economics and coins. Lord Avebury was a member of several foreign societies and had been honored by British and Continental universities.

Frederick Albion Ober, an authority on birds and a founder of the Explorers' Club, died Saturday night at his home in Hackensack, N. J. He was born in Beverley, Mass., in 1849, and was educated in the public schools and through private study. From 1872 to 1874 he hunted birds in Florida and explored the Lake Okeechobee region, and in 1876-1878, 1880, he made an ornithological investigation of the Lesser Antilles, discovering twenty-two new species of birds and adding many types to collections in the Smithsonian Institution. Two of the new species were named after him. In 1881, 1883, and 1885 he travelled in Mexico, and later in Spain, Africa, South America, and again in the West Indies, whither he went as commissioner for the Chicago Exposition, 1891-92.

Mr. Ober was the author of forty books on historical topics and natural history. Among them are: "Camps in the Caribbees," "Travels in Mexico," "Young Folks' History of Mexico," "Montezuma's Gold Mines," "Everglades," etc. (six volumes), "In the Wake of Columbus," "Josephine, Empress of the French," "Under the Cuban Flag," "My Spanish Sweetheart," "Crusoe's Island," "Porto Rico and Its Resources," "A Brief History of Spain," "History of Mexico, Central America, and Cuba," "In King Philip's War," and "The Heroes of American History Series" (twelve volumes).

Drama and Music

Towards a New Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

The forty highly original and imaginative designs in this beautifully printed volume, and the critical and explanatory notes attached to them, are proof positive of the author's lofty aspirations and artistic instinct; but they are often so fantastic in their symbolism as to raise grave doubts of their practical applicability—or even desirability—in the theatre. Most students of the modern stage will sympathize heartily with what he has to say, especially in his "afterword"—which is among the clearest and most logical of his utterances—about the narrowness, the vulgarity, and the frequently entire untruthfulness of the so-called realistic drama, and concerning the many offences against the most vital principles of dramatic art, committed in the name of spectacle. But they will also see very clearly that many of his theories, if carried to their full development, would be likely to prove just as fatal to the prime artistic object of the theatre, which is the competent acting of worthy plays.

Mr. Craig has no general grasp of the subject to which he has devoted so much time and labor. In his zeal for the pictorial—for the creation of backgrounds reflective of the majesty of nature and in harmony with the inspired vision of the poet—he is apt to disregard the legitimate function and position of the actor, although he speaks much of the importance of speech and action. In several of his most striking and colossal conceptions—it is only reasonable to suppose that his sketches are drawn more or less accurately to scale—the players are made to appear as formless and insignificant pygmies, whose facial expression, voice, and gesture would inevitably be futile amid such vast surroundings. True, he admits that his designs are tentative, and frequently expresses his contempt for the theatre that is confined by the limits of roof and walls, lamenting the bygone days of the classic Greek drama beneath the wide canopy of heaven, and of the old religious mysteries enacted in towering cathedral aisles, but these vain regrets—in which the exigencies of climate and the march of the ages are conveniently forgotten—contribute nothing of practical value towards the construction of the new theatre of which he dreams. Nor does he himself appear to have any definite notion of what his own ideal institution is or ought to be. It is to be infinitely beautiful, noble, inspiring, veracious, and artistic, fully representative of all that is best in national characteristics and aspirations, but of the steps by which this end is to be achieved he tells virtually nothing. His is a counsel of perfection without directions.

His designs for the environment of certain incidents in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are uncommonly impressive in their simplicity, their spaciousness, and their suggestion of the tragic, the terrible, or the mysterious. But it should be noted that they are poetic conceptions for which there is little warranty in the text. They are imposing tableaux, of much decorative value, but illustrate the sentiment of a particular moment rather than the spirit of a continuous scene. It may be granted that in the greatest poetic drama, or in allegory, scenery of a purely fantastic symbolism may be employed to advantage—it is even conceivable that the arrangement of rectangular screens which Mr. Craig uses in the closing act of "Hamlet" may, with their cunning use of light and shade, create a notably artistic effect, but, as a general rule, where scenery is introduced at all, it should resemble, however distantly, what it is intended to represent. It may be impossible, as Mr. Craig says, to reproduce Nature—although he seems to think it may be easily improved upon—but it is not so difficult to give a plausible imitation. He is often further away from the truth than the realists themselves.

But visionary as many of his ideas are—a fact of which he sometimes appears to be dimly aware—they often start from a foundation of fact and common-sense. Much of the present-day realism upon the stage, whether this term be applied to the crude mimicry of everyday excesses, or vulgarities, or the more elaborate and costly accumulation of spectacular details, is wholly pernicious and abominable, antagonistic alike to art and truth. If he does nothing else, he points out where the English-speaking theatre is behind the rest of the world in dramatic knowledge and enterprise, shows how remarkable and genuinely artistic effects may be created with moderate expenditure, and discourses with authority on the latest developments in machinery and lighting. His enthusiasm and boundless self-confidence give spice to his essays, but do not encourage much confidence in his capacity for solid achievement. The test of this will come when his long projected school gets finally into operation. If he be prudent he will devote his earliest and best energies to the systematic and thorough training of actors. Without them all his ambitious plans will come to nought.

This month the De la More Press will have ready Mrs. Stopes's "The Burbages, Founders of Shakespeare's Stage."

"Julius Cæsar" is the latest addition to the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare (Lippincott). This volume, like the "Richard III," was prepared by Horace Howard Furness, jr., who is carrying on the work of his father, and, naturally, on the same lines. It is perhaps needless to say that in assuming the completion of this enterprise he has the good wishes of numberless students of Shakespeare. It will be a source of gratification to all who cherish the traditions of scholarship in this country that the name of Furness should continue to be honorably linked with that of the great poet. In the main, the present volume does not fall below the level of its predecessors. We note, however, one important omission in the evidence concerning the date of composition of the play—namely, the entry dated September 21, 1599, in the diary of the Swiss physician, Thomas Platter, which seems to confirm the view that "Julius Cæsar" was already in existence, in some form or other, before 1600. The thatch-roofed theatre on the other side of the Thames, spoken of in the diary, must have been the Globe, which had been opened for performances the preceding summer, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the "Julius Cæsar" which Platter saw was Shakespeare's play. The text of the entry in question was published in *Anglia* by Professor Binz so long ago as 1899. A variorum edition should also include some record of the correspondence with regard to the relations of this drama to Pescetti's "Cesare" (1594), which will be found in the issues of this journal for June 2 and 9, 1910. We would still further suggest to Mr. Furness that the "Shakespeare-Grammatik" of W. Franz is a much more comprehensive and scientific guide in gram-

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matical matters than E. A. Abbott's treatise, which, though it contains valuable material, is in many respects antiquated.

As regards the appendix embodying criticisms of the play—and the same thing is true of the selections from the discussions of the characters scattered throughout the edition—it seems to us that this part of the work might easily be freshened up. For instance, Brandes stands indisputably in the very front rank of the interpreters of Shakespeare, yet he is scarcely represented at all in Mr. Furness's critical apparatus. Other names, like that of Wolff among contemporary German critics, also suggest themselves. These writers are certainly more stimulating than Snider or Stapfer, not to mention some more recent ones that are drawn on by the editor. We make these remarks, not simply with reference to the present volume, but with reference to future volumes which Mr. Furness may have in preparation. As a last item of criticism, we must express our surprise at the editor's English. Take, for example, the following sentence: "It is, I think, well-nigh impossible to assign the date within limits closer than these two years, 1599 to 1601, and therefore accept that period as its time of composition." The reader is left guessing as to whether "accept" here is an imperative addressed to the public or whether some other syntactical relation is to be assigned to it in the sentence. Very irritating is the abuse of "wherein" for "in which." In the preface, within the space of a single page, we have noted five examples of this substitution, which seems habitual with the writer. It would be easy to point out other apparent Teutonisms in the author's style.

A valuable feature of the volume is the reprint of "The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," which was written by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, probably in 1604 or 1606. It is in large measure, to be sure, a translation of a French play by Jules Grévin. Besides this reprint, we have the usual appendices of the series dealing with the date of composition, sources, stage-history, etc. In connection with the discussion of source, the editor reproduces from North's Plutarch the passages on which Shakespeare based his play. An index concludes the volume.

The text of the Chinese play, "Turandot," which has reached this country, is a sufficient explanation of the speedy collapse of that costly experiment in London. It is difficult to imagine what reason any experienced manager could have had for supposing that such nonsensical stuff could amuse or interest an adult audience. The story is thin, stale, and transparent—altogether devoid of any dramatic suspense or thrill—while the dialogue, at its best, is exceedingly feeble and in its professedly comic passages absolutely deplorable. The presumption is that Sir George Alexander depended upon the splendor of the spectacle to make amends for all other deficiencies. The result proved how egregiously he was mistaken.

Concerning the recent revival of "Othello" in Drury Lane Theatre, London, by Forbes-Robertson, the London *Times* says:

A good, straightforward performance of "Othello," and none the worse, perhaps, for being just a little old-fashioned. The actors were evidently of opinion that their business was to set forth a story plainly, and to say what they had to say distinctly, and there was none of your new-fangled nonsense about "atmosphere," either Venetian or Cypriote, or about doing the thing in the Elizabethan way.

During Sir George Alexander's provincial tour, which begins in September, the St. James's Theatre, London, has been let by him to Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy.

A prominent English critic speaks favorably of "The Whispering Well," a morality play produced by Miss Horniman in London. He finds no valid objection in the fact that the theme is trite, as well as the scenery and acting. "Here is a perfectly simple, entirely unpretentious Morality, with qualities of picturesqueness and honest force about it that make it, in its fashion, moving and, in its fashion, improving." Evidently the reaction against the new manner of producing plays is growing.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is still the greatest contralto on the stage. Cleofonte Campanini evidently thinks so, too, for one of his first acts on becoming director of the Chicago Grand Opera Company was to engage her for next season.

The London Philharmonic would have had no deficit at all this season had it not been necessary to increase the orchestra for nearly every concert to above 110 players. When the present rates of subscription were fixed, an orchestra of 75 to 85 players satisfied the requirements of composers and audiences alike. The Society's report refers to the election of Safonoff and Mengelberg as honorary members; also to the bestowal of the Society's medal on Mme. Tetrazzini and Harold Bauer. Invitations have been issued to English composers not yet represented on Philharmonic programmes to submit MSS. for approval.

The memorial concert given in Albert Hall, London, to aid the widow of the late colored composer, Coleridge-Taylor, netted $5,000. While this was regarded as a gratifying result, it is obviously not sufficient to support the family, and a movement has therefore been set on foot to obtain a Civil List pension.

Art

DAVID AND HIS PUPILS.

PARIS, May 24.

The exhibition of the work of David and his pupils, given by the city of Paris in the Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts, is so interesting that the wonder is the public has had to wait for it so long. The interest is no doubt in large measure historical, but then the history involved is of artistic as well as political value. The huge frigid pictures, the self-conscious classical exercises, the big official portraits of the heroes and heroines of the Republic and the Empire, that came out of the studios of David and Drouais and Gros and Girodet and Gérard and Ingres and contemporary painters of secondary note, may have none of the glamour, none of the power to thrill, of the world's great masterpieces, but they represent an important stage in the development of art in France, and therefore of the world. It is also true that the leaders of the school, being masters themselves, sometimes managed to forget their creed and conventions and to betray in their less ambitious canvases some of the emotion, some of the intense personality they were at such pains to sacrifice to their cold and correct ideals.

Naturally, most space has been devoted to David, the master of all, the man strong enough to impose his conventions not only upon French artists, but upon France. There was already a good opportunity to study him and his methods at the Louvre, and this opportunity is now made complete by the collection got together in the Petit Palais. To look at his classical subjects, at his Apollo and Diana, his Paris and Helen, at his Seneca, his Belisarius, his Socrates, his Leonidas, at the stately, dignified, formal, tedious compositions he built up from motives he had searched his mythology and ancient history for, to look even at a painting like the famous Marat in the bath, the portrait of a man he loved as well as admired, and a work considered by many critics to be strikingly modern in feeling—to look at these is to wonder how the idea of rebellion, of revolution, could ever have been associated with David's art, whatever morally or politically may have been his principles.

Yet David was, in his way—or thought he was—no less a rebel, a revolutionary, a seceder, as these things go, than the Cubists and Futurists in theirs. In his teaching and in his practice, he was protesting against what he believed to be the insincerities, the artificial extravagances, of the eighteenth-century painters, of Watteau and Greuze and Boucher and Fragonard. He had no sympathy with their sham shepherds and shepherdesses, their atmosphere of the boudoir and the court, their ignoring of life as it is. When he painted the gods and the warriors and the philosophers of a past of which he could not possibly know more than the painters he condemned had known of the real shepherding of their day, when he manufactured those huge, correct, and colorless classical groups that eventually won for him and his followers their name of *Pompiers*, he was under the impression that he was returning to Nature. It seems almost incredible that he could have deluded himself into believing there was the least touch of nature in his work, even though he did paint from the nude. Certainly, nobody can believe it nowadays, and there might be more difficulty in feeling as much as a shadow of interest in those performances, representative though they are of a

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phase, a movement, were it not that he also painted many eminent people of his time, and that he occasionally came down from his high classical stilts and gave himself up to the free pleasure which he evidently felt in painting his more insignificant sitters.

As I have said, the Marat in the Bath is in the collection, as well as the two copies of it by two of David's pupils, a valuable historical record, if little more. There are besides portraits of a number of his other famous or notorious contemporaries: Sieyès, Madame Tallien, Junot, Ministers, Deputies, generals. But almost the only one of this series that appeals by something more than the name and fame of the sitter is the beautiful Napoleon as First Consul, in which only the head is finished—the painting that was to represent Napoleon after the battle of Castiglione, and that David began in the excitement of his discovery of a modern hero who would have been worthy of a niche in the temple of antiquity. It is a noble head, modelled with much sympathy, and we may rejoice that the work remained as it is, for the qualities we now admire in it might have been lost had David carried it to the excess of finish to be deplored in many of the surrounding canvases. The portraits that left with me a deeper impression than the pompous official series were apparently of no great importance, as far as the subject is concerned, for the names of the sitters have not been recorded. There are two, small and unassuming, of boys which are quite charming, one in the treatment of the yellows and grays of the color scheme, the other in the painting of the flesh and the white collar and ruffles, both showing what David's achievement might have been had he gone as directly to Nature as he fancied he did. One or two portraits of himself have the character he more often subordinated to theory and the atmosphere he rarely troubled to suggest.

To make light of David and his accomplishment would be absurd. He was learned and scholarly as a painter, his drawing was beyond reproach, he was serious, filled with the respect due to his art; also, an artist who could impress himself upon his pupils and followers, whose influence could carry everything before it, is a power to be reckoned with. But this cannot blind us to the fact that few artists have wandered so far astray from Nature in their determination to return to it. He was as artificial (if more virile in his affectations) as the men against whose art his was a protest, and he had neither their grace nor their undeniable charm. His pompous and theatrical Greece and Rome were a sad exchange for the Island of Cytherea, his solemn posing nudes poor substitutes for gay shepherds and shepherdesses, masquerading in silks and laces, powders and patches.

What is true of David is true of the others of the group. You pass from room to room, absorbed wholly in the subjects of the paintings or their associations—here, Gérard's large portrait group of Queen Caroline and her children, his Madame Récamier, his Madame Mère, or Girodet's Murat, or Franque's Marie Louise and the King of Rome; and there perhaps the Eleazar of Gros, memorable simply because he painted it at the age of seventeen for the Prix de Rome competition, and because it gave no sign of the hot rebellious days to come, when he was to paint those "sujets inutiles et tableaux de circonstances," as they seemed to David, by whom he, really the first of the Romanticists, was frightened back again into pseudo-classicism.

There is no question that the exhibition serves as a chronicle in paint of one of the most dramatic periods France has ever passed through, and one of the strangest phases in French art—one of the most fruitful phases, possibly because of all that came out of the revolt it could not fail to bring about in its turn. Nothing could explain the movement of 1830 more eloquently than this collection of David and his pupils. But from the midst of the frigid formalities of classicism and official portraiture, a small painting now and again asserts itself as a painting, and draws the eye away from the big canvases that at first kept it modestly in the background. Murat, for all the heroic proportions Gros lavished upon him in compliment to his royal estate, is passed by cheerfully for the little portrait of M. Jacques Amalric, the painter's nephew, unpretentious in size, but full of a vivacity that has disappeared in the elaboration of the big canvas, full of simple beauty in the harmony of color, the arrangement of blue upon blue, that regal gorgeousness could not condescend to. The Odalisque and the Reading of the Æneid by Ingres may be passed as readily for his sympathetic portrait of Madame Ingres, with its delicate scheme of grays, its subtle rendering of textures, in its atmosphere enveloping the figure. In the work done by the men of David's school, when they were not making public proclamation of their artistic faith, you get the measure of their greatness and learn how much of their real selves they suppressed in their loyalty to the creed they had accepted without reserve.

It is a delight to see again a long series of drawings by Ingres, those amazing portraits which he never surpassed—a delight to find the notes and memoranda of David and Girodet and Gérard. The least distinguished members of the school could in black-and-white make some excuse for their existence and survival. Miniatures, too, have a place, most notably a number by Isabey (the father), a wonderful gallery of portraits of the Bonaparte family. Altogether, there is no exhibition in Paris just now so worth a visit from all who are interested in the history of France and of French art.

N. N.

"The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields, 1833-1911" (Longmans), by Ernestine Mills, is, perhaps, more interesting on the biographical than on the artistic side. Shields as a painter had rather more than the usual defects of the "sensitives" of his period. As a man, he presents much that is admirable. Born of humble parents, by an early heroic struggle, involving inordinate drudgery and the habit of semi-starvation, he succeeded at the cost of his health. He soon was able to sell those charming water colors of country life which are still, perhaps, his best work, but he incurred a nervous instability to which noise was torture. Probably no day of his manhood passed without acute suffering. It seems, also, as if his soul were as badly treated as his body. Bred in a narrow faith, his letters to a younger brother, and, later, to the girl model whom he did the grotesque injustice of making his wife, are models of priggish pietism. That there was a larger and sweeter side to the man is shown in his friendships. He was one of the few to whom Rossetti clung to the end. Shields himself, tortured by insomnia, had skirted the gulf of that temptation from which Rossetti never emerged. From such a life as Shields's no coherent product is to be expected. He holds his place by a charm which was largely that of the neo-mediævalism of his time, and by occasional flashes of larger inventiveness. It was his elaborate drawing of Bunyan's Vanity Fair that in 1861 attracted Ruskin. Two years later came the powerful designs for Defoe's "The Plague in London." Happily, these remarkable drawings were photographed from the blocks before unskilful woodcutting destroyed them. In the Vanity Fair Shields showed himself a sort of Calvinistic Frith. In the Plague designs all smallness had departed in favor of sinister concentration and simplicity. His way as a creative illustrator seemed clear, but at this point he was caught by the neo-romanticism of Brown, Rossetti, and Morris. He became an accomplished designer for stained glass; at the end of his life he did for a generous patron the entire mural decoration of the Chapel of the Ascension at Bayswater. It cannot be said that he utterly failed in this his greatest undertaking, and yet it would be idle to assert that his will rank with the best decorations of modern times. As with most British artists of the day, especially the religiously inclined, his grasp on the rationale of mural decoration was slight. He wished it to be more elaborately charming in line and more winning through facial expression than good wall painting ever is. His great religious subjects are painfully built up, artificial, and restless by virtue of emotions only half-visualized. The elevated character of the man, and his close relation to the Rossetti circle, will doubtless attract sympathetic readers to this tactfully compiled and fully illustrated memoir.

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Finance

TWO EVENTS.

During the week just past, two events have occurred with a bearing, more or less direct, on the financial situation. One was last Friday's formal signing of the peace agreement between the Balkan allies and Turkey; an event which had long been looked forward to, in the financial markets, as essential to the return of better times in European finance. The other was the confession of insolvency, a few days before, by an important American railway company, the St. Louis & San Francisco. The Stock Exchange greeted the news of the peace arrangement with something like apathy. It received the news from the so-called "'Frisco system" with more or less agitation, but, except for a sharp decline in that railway's securities and in other low-priced shares, with no extensive change of values.

The first comment of Europe's markets, on the official termination of the Balkan War, was that it came too late to relieve the financial situation of its accumulated burden. The strain of uncertainty and of lack of confidence had been long-continued. Borrowing Governments and corporations, which had withheld their requisitions from the money markets during the period of actual war, had at length been compelled to present their demands. Only a cautious and partial response had been obtained from the investing public; some of the loans had been described as failures, and the feeling of uncertainty had been accentuated.

The recovery, so often predicted as an immediate consequence of the settlement of peace, did not therefore come. That the good effects of this formal ending of the war will be experienced later is still the general judgment of financial Europe. One great obstacle to return of confidence is, at any rate, removed. The immediate sequel in the markets must depend, however, on other things.

Sometimes the actual removal of a cause to which all the financial ills of the day have been popularly ascribed, serves only to prove that other and larger influences have been at work, and that the imagined single cause has really been only an incident. That was so after England and the Transvaal concluded peace in the middle of 1902. It then became speedily evident that the trouble with Europe's markets had been an overdone financial "boom" and an excessive strain on credit; that the only remedy was a prolonged period of reaction, liquidation, and gradual recuperation. London, Paris, and Berlin, instead of responding with enthusiastic financial recovery to the news that the Boer War was definitely over, greeted the announcement with a heavy decline in prices. Yet, on the other hand, the definite conclusion of peace between Japan and Russia in 1905, and between the United States and Spain in 1898, was followed, after brief hesitation, by world-wide recovery in the financial markets.

The question will be tested in an exceedingly interesting way by the events of the next few weeks. The St. Louis & San Francisco receivership touched other problems; first, because it happened in America; next, because it seemed like confirmation of the misgivings long prevalent as to the general financial situation. When that announcement came, interest naturally converged on two questions. One is, what the week's developments meant to the future of the 'Frisco property; the other, how far, if at all, they bore on the situation of other railways.

Receiverships do not necessarily mean prolonged adversity and hardship. Railways such as the Seaboard Air Line, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and the Chicago & Great Western have within the past five years emerged from the hands of receivers greatly strengthened by their enforced financial readjustment; none of them having remained in receivers' hands much longer than twelve months. As for the 'Frisco: in 1900, when the present management came into power, it was a system of 1,401 miles; to-day it is a system of 7,500 miles. In 1901 net income amounted to $4,439,000 and fixed charges to $2,629,000, showing the "margin of safety" (that is, the proportion of net income remaining after payment of fixed charges) to be 40 per cent. But in 1912, net income amounted to $12,992,000 and fixed charges to $12,654,000, showing the "margin of safety" to be only 1 per cent. The comparison with former years shows what the real capacity of the 'Frisco is. It was a case of ill-advised ambitions and of rash and unfortunate experiments with capital.

If, next, one looks at the railway position generally, another set of comparisons is in point. Of the Atchison's present capitalization, 54 per cent. is in bonds bearing fixed charges; the ratio in the case of St. Louis Southwestern, Kansas & Texas, Burlington & Quincy, and Rock Island—roads traversing the same district as the 'Frisco—ranges from 51 to 66 per cent., in the order named; even the Missouri Pacific's ratio works out at 73 per cent. But the 'Frisco's bonded debt makes up 85 per cent. of its total capitalization. This bears pertinently on the question, whether or not other roads are necessarily in the same condition.

Before the 'Frisco's old position can be reëstablished, however, subsidiary companies which have been operated at a loss must obviously be reorganized, and unprofitable leases and guarantees must be cancelled. After that has been done, then 'Frisco's own fixed charges will presumably be scaled to a point consistent with the road's net income. That could be done through substituting new preferred stock or income bonds, for instance, in place of outstanding mortgage bonds.

That 'Frisco can again be made a paying property is fairly evident. In 1903, after paying 4 per cent. dividends on both classes of preferred stock, the final surplus remained at $634,000; in 1902, it was $1,472,000; in 1901, $1,997,000.

A sound way of preventing the hardships attendant on a great disturbance of prices, would be a boon to mankind. It is tantalizing that, with all the resources of modern society and all the conquests of the modern intellect, we should still have nothing more scientific as the basis of the colossal pecuniary transactions of the present time than the value of a fixed weight of a given medal. One proposal of a more scientific standard has been familiar to economists for the better part of a century; and it has recently, in a modified form, been raised to renewed prominence by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, who has devoted to his scheme of "a compensated dollar" a number of extremely able papers. In a word, the multiple standard, of which Professor Fisher's scheme is a modification, takes for the fundamental unit of payment not a certain definite coin, but so much of that coin as may be required to purchase specified amounts of certain designated basic commodities; so that when the average price in coin of these commodities increases, the amount of coin necessary to the fulfilment of a given money contract increases correspondingly; and likewise in the reverse case. Professor Fisher's modification consists essentially in altering the amount of gold that is represented by the dollar, so as to correspond to these price changes, and thus counteract them; to have a dollar variable as to gold, but approximately stable as to its purchasing power.

The plan is discussed in a masterly way by Professor Taussig in the May number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. With the precision of a surgeon at the dissecting table, he lays bare every part. As for an international agreement, he points out why this is virtually out of the question, and why, even if "by some unexpected stroke" it were procured, it would rest upon the frailest basis. "Any war would put an end to it. Any stage of depression in an important country would render it in the highest degree irksome, would lead to its revocation by some one country, and then would cause the whole structure to topple over." As for its adoption by one country alone—say, the United States—the case is, if anything, even worse. The idea that, once adopted, it would be free from the agitations of politics, is visionary. When any great class or any great section suffered through a Congress-made arrangement, there would arise an imperious demand for a change. "Can we imagine a Congressman telling his constituents that they need only wait a while, until all

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money incomes and all prices had adjusted themselves to the new conditions?"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, W. J. Notable Women in History. Phila.: Winston Co. $2.40.
Abercrombie, Lascelles. Deborah: A Play in Three Acts. Lane. 75 cents net.
Allen, Daphne. A Child's Visions (Drawings). Dutton. $2 net.
American Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser. 5 vols. Boston: J. B. Millet Co.
Arber, Agnes (Mrs. E. A. N.). Herbals. Putnam. $3.25 net.
Arkwright, William. Knowledge and Life. Lane. $1.25 net.
Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel. Intro. by G. B. Gordon. University of Pennsylvania Anthropological Publications. Vol. V.
Burke, M. C. Flowers of Fancy. (Poems.) Boston: Badger.
Butler, Samuel. Note-Books. Selections, edited by H. F. Jones. Kennerley. $2 net.
Cooke, A. O. The Forest of Dean. Dutton. $2.75 net.
Costello, F. H. Morgan's Youngest Rifleman. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25 net.
Coudert, F. R. Certainty and Justice. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Crace, J. D. The Art of Colour Decoration. Scribner.
Ekken Kaibara. The Way of Contentment. Translated from the Japanese (Wisdom of the East Series). Dutton. 70 cents net.
Hardy, B. C. Arbella Stuart: A Biography. Dutton. $4 net.
Heath, Carl. On Punishment. London: Bell.
Hewes, L. I. Repair and Maintenance of Highways. Washington: Gov. Prg. Office.
Hill, Roland. Christopher Columbus: An Historic Drama. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
Hine, Muriel. April Panhasard. Lane. $1.35 net.
Jastrow, Morris, jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 20. und 21. Lieferung. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Jevons, F. B. Personality. Putnam. $1 net.
Jordan, B. Q. Poems. Boston: Badger.
Kemp, Harry. Judas. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
King, W. H. Medical Union Number Six. New edition. Phila.: Boericke & Tafel. 50 cents.
Lecklider, J. T. Poems. Boston: Badger.
Leith, W. C. Sirenica. Lane. $1 net.
Lightwood, J. T. Charles Dickens and Music. London: C. H. Kelly.
McCormick, Frederick. The Flowery Republic. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.
MacCunn, John. The Political Philosophy of Burke. Longmans. $1.40 net.
MacGrath, Harold. Parrot & Co. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
Maxon, W. R. Saffordia, a New Genus of Ferns from Peru. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Memminger, Allard. Stop and Think. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.
Michaelis, H., and Jones, D. A Phonetic Dictionary of the English Language. Stechert.
Newman, Adolph. Poems. Buffalo, N. Y.: The Author.
Osborne, A. B. Finding the Worth-While in Europe. McBride, Nast. $1.40 net.
Pennypacker, I. R. The Snow-Shoe Trail, and Other Poems. Philadelphia: Sower Co.
Pesh-Mal-Yan, B. The Witch of Golgotha. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Ramaley, F., and Griffin, C. E. Prevention and Control of Disease. Boulder: University of Colorado. $3.
Rand, Kenneth. The Dirge of the Sea-Children, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Robertson, J. M. The Baconian Heresy. Dutton. $6 net.
Schoonmaker, E. D. The Americans. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Sneath, E. H., Hodges, G., and Stevens, E. L. The Golden Deed Book: A School Reader. Macmillan. 55 cents net.
Street, Julian. Welcome to Our City. Lane. $1 net.
Strindberg, August. The Son of a Servant. Trans. by Claud Field. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Talbot, A. R. The Garden of Life and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. 75 cents net.
Temple, Richard. Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Thomas, Edward. The Icknield Way. Dutton. $2.75 net.
Thurston, I. T. The Torch Bearer: A Camp Fire Girl's Story. Revell. $1 net.
Underhill, Evelyn. The Mystic Way: A Study in Christian Origins. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Viallate, A., et Caudel, M. La Vie politique dans les Deux Mondes. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Williams, E. H. The Walled City: A Story of the Criminal Insane. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Wisconsin Historical Society Proceedings, held 1912. Madison: The Society.
Women, and Other Enigmas (Anonymous). Boston: Badger.

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